

The Listener

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'The groundflame of the crocus breaks the mould'

Iris Hardwick

The Great Divide between East and West
II—The Middle East and Asia
(pages 387-392)

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Poetic licence is all very well, but you would be ill-advised to emulate the archer who shot his arrow into the air without, so far as we can find, taking any interest in its subsequent career. Such carefree abandon would have won for you no praise at Agincourt or Crecy; neither—coming nearer home—would it commend you to any modern company of archers, of which there exist many more than you think. For archery is an ancient and an honourable sport—and one, moreover, that has added something to the language. *Exempli Gratia*: The Midland Bank is as 'straight as an arrow'; its resources are such that its 'bolt' is never 'spent'; and in the service it offers, it has 'many strings to its bow'. . . . This exercise in toxophilitic metaphor (no doubt as tiring to read as it was to write) practically exhausts our knowledge of the subject. Our customers will agree, however, that at least we have not been guilty in it of 'pulling the long bow'.

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The Great Divide—II

The Middle East and Asia

An inquiry into some of the issues between East and West

LORD READING (chairman): Last week, we dealt with the general question of European security, with special reference to the future of Germany. This week we pass to a consideration of some problems peculiar to the Middle East and the rest of Asia, and if attention is, in the main, directed to the Middle East, this is due not to any failure to recognise the immense importance of the Far East in this context, but simply to the fact that at the moment it is, in the main, the Middle East that occupies the centre of the stage.

It is my task, as chairman, to begin by calling expert evidence before you, and at the end to sum up that evidence for your consideration. I shall first ask Mr. Bernard Lewis, Professor of History of the Near and Middle East in the University of London, to expound his views on such questions as whether the present situation in the Middle East is primarily political or economic, and why we may have lost and the Russians gained ground in those parts.

Bernard Lewis: By now it must be clear, even to the most romantic of Arab experts, that we are not greatly loved by the Arabs—we, that is, of the West, of the whole Western alliance. It is not that all the Arab governments are anti-Western: far from it. One government, that of Iraq, is our ally in the Baghdad Pact. In other Arab countries, too, there are pro-Western groups; and there are not a few Arab statesmen who truly believe that the best interests of their people lie in closer association with the West, and who pursue a pro-Western policy as far as they dare. 'As far as they dare'—there is the rub. Any anti-Western act by an Arab leader can count on immediate and enthusiastic support. Any pro-Western policy by an Arab government seems to require stealth, or even force, for its application.

Very well, then: they are anti-Western. But why are they against us? There would be no difficulty in drawing up a long list of grievances held against the West by the Arab world from Morocco to the Persian Gulf. Most Middle Eastern Arabs would put Israel at the top of the list, followed by such other problems

as Algeria, the Suez Canal, and the British territories in Arabia. The suggestion is often made that if only this or that grievance were met all would be well, and the way would be open to mutual friendship and co-operation.

But is it really as simple as that? Let us take an example. In July, 1954, after a long struggle, an agreement was at last signed between Britain and Egypt for the evacuation by the British of the Suez Canal zone. This, it was said at the time, would remove the final Egyptian grievance against the West. They had long since won their independence; only the British soldiers by the Canal remained to affront Egyptian pride and self-respect. Once they were withdrawn, the last obstacle to real friendship between Egypt and Britain—between Egypt and the West—would be removed.

They were withdrawn, and since the withdrawal—I will not say because of it—there has been a rapid and catastrophic deterioration in relations between Egypt and the West. If the French were to be expelled from Algeria, if Israel—by some reversal of an Old Testament miracle—ceased to exist, if Britain abandoned her friends and her oil in Arabia, would things be any better? The question is largely academic since all of this is unlikely to happen; and nothing less than all could make much difference. But one may sometimes wonder whether one or other of these issues is an irritant or a safety valve, and whether its removal would make things better or worse. The events of the last few years seem to show that as the successive veils of political distraction are stripped away, the tension becomes greater and not less.

We shall be better able to understand the present discontents of the Middle East if we look upon them not as disputes between states, but as a clash between civilisations. The great debate between Christendom and Islam has been going on in one form or another since the Middle Ages. For the past century and a half Islam has been subjected to the domination of the West, a domination that has posed to the Muslim peoples a tremendous problem of readjustment, both in their dealings with others and in their own internal affairs.

Today, they are going through a phase of reaction and revol-

sion. Russia, too, though in another way, is against the West, and for this reason alone can exercise a powerful attraction. Seemingly untainted with an imperialist past, she is able to offer such attractively familiar qualities as authoritarian government and a set of final and complete answers to all the problems of life. The Russians are making use of the anti-Western mood of the Arabs, but they did not cause it. The problem arises from something deeper and vaster than political disagreements. It cannot be solved—it can hardly even be formulated—on the level of discussions between governments. It is no less than the crisis of a civilisation, and one that the people of that civilisation alone can confront and overcome.

Lord Reading: Now to the more distant parts of Asia, for a comment from Mr. William Clark, lately returned to London from an extended assignment in that part of the world for *The Observer*.

William Clark: It is of the utmost importance to realise that the Great Divide does run right through Asia. It is easy to forget that, in all the rather imprecise talk about Asian neutralism, but the fact is that one-third of the world's population lives in India and China, and that those two countries stand on opposite sides of the Great Divide. To a certain extent the rivalry between those two countries is based on military facts, on power politics. That is not much talked about, but a few weeks ago, when I was in Nepal, high up in the Himalayas, where the Indian and Chinese spheres of influence meet, I was made clearly aware of the power conflict.

But that is a small part of the struggle for pre-eminence. Mostly the competition is between two states to see which can do better by its people—do better in simple, coarse terms of giving them slightly better conditions of life, more food, better clothing, and to see which can do it the more quickly. And let us get one thing straight: the two systems are deadly rivals. China is the representative of the Communist world; India is the champion of the free world. So often here in Britain people question whether India is really part of the free world, let alone its champion. They point to her foreign policy of non-alignment, her votes in the United Nations on Hungary, and so on. But there is a very simple test of whether a country is free or not. Does it genuinely elect its own government: and do the people's views affect the government once they have elected it? India has had two elections in the past ten years, and no one could possibly deny that these elections were free and that the voters decided who was to govern India. Secondly, India has a parliament where the Prime Minister, Mr. Nehru, and his other Ministers sit day after day to undergo exactly the same ordeal by question and debate that Ministers undergo at Westminster. Communism is not the inevitable victor in India, nor in Asia. Communism will win only if India is involved in some outrageous folly—a war with Pakistan, for instance—or if we in the free world fail to implement our partnership with free Asia; and here I must say that Mr. Kennan, in his fifth Reith Lecture, seemed to me to offer a blueprint for total failure and ignominious defeat for the West in Asia. His thesis, put briefly, was that Western aid to Asian development was not all that effective, and that if a country said it would go Communist unless we helped it, we should say: 'Very well then, go Communist'. Mr. Kennan's positive policy consisted in trying to establish our independence of those countries so that we could restore what he called 'the dignity of the Western position'. I regard this as totally and absolutely wrong.

Lord Reading: To what extent are we forced to depend on the Middle East and Asia for raw materials? Or should we adopt the suggestion made by Mr. Kennan to reduce that dependence? These are questions on which you will now hear Mr. Andrew Shonfield, economic editor of *The Observer*.

Andrew Shonfield: I agree basically with Mr. Kennan's thesis that the West must do something to reduce the blackmail hold which the producers of our essential raw materials in the Middle East and elsewhere at present have over us. I am sure that something can be done to make us less vulnerable to the kind of treatment that we suffered during the Suez crisis at the end of 1956. Mr. Kennan has pointed out, rightly, that we came through that crisis with far less trouble for the European economy,

in spite of its heavy dependence on Middle East oil supplies, than anyone had dared to hope at the start; and he suggested that we should use the methods so successfully applied then, during an emergency, as a steady policy in the future. Specifically we should increase our storage capacity and hold much larger stocks of fuel; secondly, we should spread our risks by developing alternative sources of supply; and, thirdly, we should be prepared if need be to reduce our own demand by rationing.

This programme would be neither easy nor cheap. Mr. Kennan treated the Suez crisis a little too readily, in my view, as a kind of test case. I think, on the other hand, that we were extraordinarily lucky that the crisis occurred in 1956 and not in 1966. In the autumn of 1956, when the Suez Canal was blocked, the United States still had a surplus of oil. If we can assume that industrial expansion in America is not coming to a sudden halt, then America's dependence on imports of oil is likely to grow very fast indeed in the coming years; and in Western Europe the demand for oil is likely to grow even faster. So, on the one hand, our own dependence on energy imports is going to increase—we may easily need twice as much oil from the Middle East in ten years' time—and, on the other hand, America's ability to meet our needs from her own resources in case of an emergency will be much diminished.

But must we depend so heavily on Middle Eastern oil? Mr. Kennan suggested that we could keep much bigger emergency supplies and that we should be ready to ration ourselves. It would be extremely helpful as an aid to bargaining with any recalcitrant supplier if we had ample supplies of oil, or whatever else it might be, in stock. But it is worth pointing out that this method of strengthening our bargaining hand would not be cheap. According to the O.E.E.C. estimates, an extra six months' supply would cost no less than \$3½ billion. This is a sum which the nations of Western Europe have never yet managed to put together for any collective purpose. The sum would be even larger if we also tried to ensure ourselves against any possible interruption of our supplies of rubber, tin, and other materials that we obtain from Asia. And as regards oil—and this is the main problem—by turning away from the cheapest sources of supply in the Middle East and going elsewhere, we are bound to drive up the cost of our industrial energy and, therefore, the prices of our manufactured goods.

Rationing is no real answer, either. There is no physical shortage of oil, or indeed of any other raw materials, at the moment—rather the opposite. It is slightly misleading to argue, as Mr. Kennan did, that there is a long-term problem of Western countries imposing what he calls 'measures of self-denial' on themselves. Usually the trouble is all the other way: the primary producing countries are trying to sell more than we are willing to buy.

What about nuclear energy as a means of spreading our risks? Certainly this will be a great help in the long run, but it will not on present showing make a significant contribution to Western Europe's energy supplies before 1970. There is, in fact, no safe alternative to the Middle East as the main source of supply for the huge volume of oil which Europe is going to require in the next ten years.

Lord Reading: If, as Mr. Shonfield has pointed out, we must continue to depend heavily on the Middle East for oil, we are faced with a basic question: what should we do to ensure as far as we are able that the Middle Eastern countries support the West, or at least maintain a neutral attitude between ourselves and the Russians? This question I am now going to put to four witnesses, the first of whom is Mr. Bickham Sweet-Escott, a writer and broadcaster on the Middle East, of which he has had first-hand experience over many years.

Bickham Sweet-Escott: One of the easiest mistakes is to think that because we in the West think that the Russians are a danger to us, people in the Middle East must think that the Russians are a danger to them, and that if only we went about it in the right way, perhaps we could get them to join with us in a defensive military alliance against the Russians, such as Nato.

The thorn in this argument is that what gave the real meaning to Nato was that its members really were afraid of the Russians, whereas most people in the Arab world are not. To them, the real enemy is not Russia but Israel. What is more, to talk of

military pacts and alliances is to talk the language of colonialism and imperialism, and immediately brings the West under suspicion. I am not saying there is nobody in the Middle East who is afraid of the Russians—the Baghdad Pact Powers, for instance, certainly seem to be. What I am saying is that we are going to arouse absolutely no enthusiasm among the rest of the Arabs by suggesting that they should join an alliance like the Baghdad Pact.

Then we have heard a great deal about how bad our propaganda is in the Middle East, and that if only it were a little better we might begin to win friends and influence people there. I am sure this view is based on a dangerous illusion. Propaganda is like clever packing: clever packing can make goods look attractive, but no amount of clever packing will sell the goods unless people want them. The real trouble about our propaganda seems to me to be that we have nothing to sell, or at any rate what we have to sell is something the Arabs do not want. We have to remember that the Western way of life does not necessarily appeal to Arabs. On the contrary, it is a way of life practised by the ex-colonial peoples like ourselves and, therefore, to them it is not exactly attractive.

Then there are a great many illusions about the good we can do by economic aid. Many of these countries are desperately anxious to develop such economic resources as they do possess to raise their standards of living, which are desperately low. The theory is that if we in the West were to help them to do this we would win their friendship. But can we honestly say that all the economic help the Americans have given this country since the war has increased their popularity with us? In any case, few people in the Arab world believe that political and military strings are not attached to Western aid, and indeed strings of this kind often have been attached to Western aid. The Russians never tire of saying that no strings are attached to their aid. We may have our own views on that, but the point is that the Arabs believe it, or say they do.

Here, again, I am not saying that when the Russians offer economic aid to the Egyptians or the Syrians we should not compete. On the contrary, unless we do compete we shall lose what little standing we still possess in their eyes. What I am saying is that economic aid is not, by itself, going to give us the answer we are looking for.

One of our main troubles with the Arabs is that they blame the West for bringing Israel into being, but the Russians have never undertaken any responsibility towards Israel as we did, so they can afford to curry favour with the Arabs by giving them arms, knowing that the only country they really mean to use them against is Israel. But if the Russians really are as eager for peace in the Middle East as they say they are, it follows that they ought to be eager to prevent another Arab-Israeli war. Let them once be forced to admit this in public and they will lose a great deal of the ground they have gained with the Arabs since they started arming them. If the Arabs find that they cannot rely on the Russians to help them against Israel, they may in the end have to accept that Israel has come to stay, and an Arab-Israeli settlement would certainly be a great step towards peace in the Middle East.

Lord Reading: Now, Professor Geoffrey Barraclough of the Royal Institute of International Affairs.

Geoffrey Barraclough: It seems to me that the situation in the Middle East, and more widely in Asia, is very different from that in Europe, and that it is a serious mistake to treat them as analogous. In Europe there is a clear line, both a defensive military line and an ideological line; in the Middle East the situation is far more fluid and complex. By and large, the peoples of Western Europe have stood behind the defensive policies of their governments. In the Middle East that is not so, and they are certainly not behind our strategic policies.

The reasons, I suppose, are obvious. First, neutralism is a real force in the Middle East and Asia: I mean the countries in these areas regard the struggle between Communism and the West as a conflict which does not really concern them. Secondly, in the area as a whole there is undoubtedly a lively anti-Western feeling. It has bred a deep suspicion of the West, irrational perhaps but too important to ignore. Thirdly, few of the peoples border directly on Russia, and apart from these few they do not regard

Communism as a menace to themselves. Fourthly, they are far more concerned with the position of Israel than with East-West relations. Finally, all these countries are in the midst of a social and economic revolution. The criterion by which they judge foreign countries and their policies is not primarily political but whether they are helping forward the modernisation and industrialisation which they regard as an essential condition of their future well-being.

It seems to me that these are facts which should be, but are not, fundamental in Western policy. Instead of analysing the position in the Middle East on its own account, we have let it get submerged in the global conflict between Communism and the West. It seems sometimes as though this whole area is regarded solely in military terms as a base for attacking southern Russia. It seems to me that our military policy in this area is, and has been, self-defeating. Every ally we have made, for example, in the Baghdad Pact, has driven another country into opposition to us. In fact, it could be argued that it was the mistakes of the West which were the direct cause of Soviet intervention in the Middle East in 1955. The American notion that there is a power 'vacuum' which we must fill if we want to stop the Russians filling it seems to me to be far from the truth.

Our specifically strategic interests in this area are hard to define since we evacuated our bases in Egypt and Jordan and elsewhere. Our interest in oil is real, but military measures are more likely to jeopardise than to safeguard it. No doubt we must be prepared to deny Russia access to the area, but I do not know of any evidence today that Russia is even thinking of taking possession by military action, because Moscow knows this is impossible without global war. The danger we have to combat is different: it is the exploitation by Russia both of the real economic needs of the area and of its deep-rooted anti-Western prejudices. Our only hope of progress in the Middle East, it seems to me, is to meet this challenge fair and square. I do not mean by that that we must compete with Russia in offers of loans and technical aid and trade agreements. That would do more harm than good, for there again we shall make as many enemies as friends. Moreover, the very fact that, in the oil-producing lands, such as Saudi Arabia and Iraq, we tend to find ourselves aligned with old-fashioned reactionary monarchies will throw the active popular forces on to the other side.

The only safe policy, as it seems to me, is not more intervention, but to work by every possible means to reduce intervention. That means, I know, a reversal of the policy pursued by the United States since Suez. It means taking seriously such things as Russia's offer to discuss arms deliveries to the Middle East; it means to try to get both power blocs out of the area so that the Arab peoples themselves can settle their own affairs; and, if possible, it means co-operating with Russia in channelling the vitally necessary economic aid through an independent and neutral agency, such as the United Nations.

No outside Power can solve the Middle Eastern problems, but on some such basis as this it seems to me that they can be inoculated so that they are not a danger either to our own legitimate interests or to world peace.

Bernard Lewis: What action should we take? My answer would be: as little as possible—and if we can persuade the Russians to do the same, then so much the better. In any case, we must defend our basic minimum interests, but we would be wise to cut these interests down to the absolute minimum, and to reduce our dependence on Middle Eastern goodwill as far as we can. The peoples of the Middle East are going through a period of profound crisis which we helped to cause and which they alone can resolve. There are some things we can do to help them, especially in economic matters, but most actions and pronouncements on our part have been, and will be, a hindrance, if for no other reason than they come from us. Our wisest policy for the time being would, therefore, be one of masterly inactivity which, in this context, we might define as to do nothing and to be seen to do nothing.

William Clark: I am in almost total disagreement with what has been said so far, because for the people of Asia and Africa—indeed, for that two-thirds of the world's population who are desperately poor—the most important question today is not

whether to have free institutions or a dictatorship; it is how to improve their economic lot. If it seems that dictatorship or Communism brings results, these people are not going to cling to democracy for long unless it also bears economic fruits—in fact, brings them more food, more clothing, better health.

But I think we all do agree that it is in our interest to prevent the majority of the world's population from crossing the Great Divide, from going totalitarian. What can we do to prevent it? Bear in mind that the thing that matters in the underdeveloped world is the success of their twentieth-century industrial revolution. All industrial revolutions need a large amount of capital invested in new machinery; capital means savings. Where is the capital to come from today? Whose savings? In a country like India, where the average earnings for a year are about £25 a head, there is no margin for free saving by the people. Equally, it is impossible to force such people to save and still remain a democracy. So when India turns to the West and says: 'Lend us capital; give us economic aid or our democracy will perish', they are not, as Mr. Kennan believes, blackmailing us; they are just stating a simple fact of life, which is that democracy does perish when poor people see no hope of better times.

A sane Western policy must, therefore, begin by giving a high priority to helping the economy of free Asia—that is, if we want to stop it slipping over the Great Divide. But if we want the friendship, the alliance of that area, we must be more than patrons; we must be partners. There must be more than charity; there must be community of interest, and it is just here that the Commonwealth is such a vitally important idea, because if it means anything it surely means that we do recognise the common interest between ourselves, a rich Western nation, and India, a poor Asian country. If we fail to make a reality of that, I believe we are doomed, because the Atlantic Community cannot survive alone and isolated. In the eyes of the world, the Atlantic Community is simply the wealthy class amongst nations, and it will suffer the fate of other plutocracies unless it manages to throw a bridge across the Great Divide that I am now speaking of; the Great Divide between the rich and the poor of this world.

Lord Reading: You have heard five witnesses—three journalists and two historians. Now I shall call for an assessment of the evidence so far given from a diplomat and a strategist. First, Lord Strang.

Lord Strang: Professor Barraclough has said that the situation in these areas is very different from the situation in Europe. I think that is an important point. In Europe, the two Great Power blocs confront each other across a dividing line running through Germany, and there they stand. By contrast, in the great stretch of territory round the rim of Asia, from Egypt to Indonesia and Indo-China, we have vast populations in a state of political and social ferment. Many of them have nationalistic governments which are fanatically determined to resist any infringement of their sovereignty. Their statesmen are keenly anxious to find means to relieve the crushing poverty of their peoples. They see, from the example of Europe and America, that the way to this lies through industrialisation, and they are ready to take economic, financial, and especially technical help anywhere they can get it, provided this is without strings—from Western Europe, from the United States, or from Russia. I do not think we can blame them. These great areas thus lie wide open to the competition of the two rival world systems.

Professor Lewis has drawn attention to another kind of difference—the difference between one civilisation and another arising from differences of religion. But, important as religion is in Asia, none of these differences is, it seems to me, as significant as, for example, the cleavage between capitalism and Communism, or between democracy and totalitarianism. If this is true, it ought to be less difficult for us to find a *modus vivendi* with Asian and African nationalism than with totalitarian Communism; for, after all, the ferment in Asia and Africa owes its origin to the injection of Western liberal ideas, and, in spite of the present strong anti-colonial bias, there still remains a substratum of Western influence.

It may, therefore, be worth asking whether the ideas which we have found most fruitful in Western Europe have any application in these areas. There is, first, the idea of the Western European

community: can this be translated into African or Asian terms? If the Arab States could all band together and use the oil revenues for the common benefit, this would be to the advantage of all; but with the rift between the old-fashioned regimes and the oil-producing countries like Iraq, Kuwait, and Saudi Arabia, and the new regimes in the states like Egypt and Syria, the road to unity would necessarily involve much political and social compulsion which the Russians would be sure to exploit. This might interrupt supplies of oil which, as Andrew Shonfield says, we shall need for many years to come.

Then again, there is the second post-war Western idea—the brilliantly successful Marshall Plan. Its counterpart in south-east Asia, on a much more modest scale, is the Commonwealth-inspired Colombo Plan, with its emphasis on technical assistance and training. This, it should be noted, cuts across political affiliations; it brings in not only countries committed to Western alignment, like the Philippines, Siam, and Pakistan, but also uncommitted countries of the neutral bloc, like India, Burma, and Indonesia.

Professor Lewis asks: what should we do? And his answer is: as little as possible. We cannot contract out of international life and we must protect our interests, but I would agree with this in so far as it means leaving these countries to settle their own way of life, not restlessly and nervously competing with the Russians, not concentrating too much on the military build-up. I think that the Baghdad Pact and Seato are right but they cannot, alone, be the basis of a policy. The Colombo Plan is better. What we want is not so much a policy as a method of approach, and it must be a human approach. We should treat the independence of these new states as a reality to be respected. We can hope that they will be as independent of the Russians as they are of ourselves. We should recognise their dire economic need, as William Clark has said, and do our best to help them. We should have faith that these new governments will see that common interest—their own and that of others—can be served by a constructive partnership with the Western world.

Lord Reading: Lastly, Air Chief Marshal Sir Ronald Ivelaw-Chapman will examine some of the views put forward by previous witnesses and then deal with certain general strategic considerations affecting our position in the Middle East.

Sir Ronald Ivelaw-Chapman: I have been listening intently for the last half-hour or so to see if I could spot a strategic solecism of some kind or another which I could start by exposing, but none of the speakers so far has obliged me in this respect and I am left with little comment to make on what they did say. On what they left unsaid, on the other hand, I shall have more to say in a moment.

There was, however, one point in what Professor Barraclough said which, I think, should be challenged, at least militarily. In speaking about the Baghdad Pact, I understood him to infer that it was a bad sort of carrot to hold out in the Middle East because many countries in that area are not contiguous with Russia and, therefore, had no fears of Russian aggression. But the fact remains, surely, that whether contiguous or not, Iran, Iraq, Pakistan, and Turkey have a considerable apprehension about Russian military intentions and this list includes the three most powerful countries in that area from a military viewpoint. I would contend that the motive of these countries in joining the Baghdad Pact was similar to that which brought Nato into being and had nothing to do with the hope of acquiring arms against the possibility of an Arab-Israeli military conflict.

I will now turn to what the previous speakers have left unsaid or only lightly touched upon, and I would like to pick up from a point made by Mr. Andrew Shonfield. He said, and I agree with him, that our dependence on the Middle East for our supply of basic energy—that is, oil—is bound to continue at least until the nuclear power age arrives, which he puts beyond 1970. But not all the oil that we will need for the next ten to fifteen years will flow from the same wells that are delivering now. New fields will have to be opened up, and many of these lie in the territories of sultanates and small sheikdoms in the general area of the Trucial Oman coast. Surely this calls for a firm politico-military policy in that area that would ensure our being able to go to the

side of any of our smaller friends there if they find themselves threatened militarily by their richer and bigger neighbours who may be, or may become, Naboth-minded. Then, again, the oil has to be brought to Europe. This strengthens the case for maintaining at least our present position in Aden and the Aden Protectorate.

To do all this, we may need from time to time the presence of conventionally armed forces in small numbers, at least as long as we have neighbours in that area who are inclined to challenge the *status quo*. Their purpose would be to nip in the bud any local ugly situation and to prevent it developing even to the category of a so-called 'limited war'.

So I would define, as our minimum strategic requirements in the Middle East, the ability to base there sufficient forces, first to fulfil any military pledge given by us as a member of the Baghdad Pact; and, secondly, to go to the help of our smaller friends in that area if need be. The mere existence of such bases, provided they are suitably placed, will take care of our other important strategic requirements in the Middle East, namely, sufficient secure starting posts to maintain our strategic air route to the Far East. Nor do I believe that such minimum strategic requirements are so much at variance with Professor Lewis' pleading for masterly inactivity in that area, which he admitted included the right and the ability to defend our minimum local interest.

One final point: to accept these as our minimum strategic requirement does not call for vast forces or for large bases, or for any bases on other than British soil; but it does call, I think, for a large realignment of the present spread of our forces. In the present political context of the Middle East in general, and of the Levant in particular, I should say that only those of our forces assigned to the Baghdad Pact—and I take it this would be mainly an air contribution—would need to be based north of the Canal; whereas the relatively small conventionally armed land and air forces, destined for the support of our treaty obligations with the lesser sheikdoms (let us be blunt about it) for the protection of our oil interests, might well be based to the south of the Canal in the Kenya-Aden axis, for that is where the judicious use of the air would give them the mobility that they would need to fulfil their purpose.

Lord Reading: You have now heard the last witness, and it becomes my duty not to attempt to give you any direction as to what your verdict should be, but simply to try to summarise for you the salient points emerging from the evidence. I have thought it might be helpful if I dealt, first, with each of the surveys of the existing situation, and then pointed out the various recommendations for future action or inaction; but I will deal very rapidly with the survey aspect and concentrate more fully upon the recommendations.

The two areas of the Middle East and what is usually meant by Asia have, to some degree, been treated as separate, but they obviously have many common, just as they also have certain contrasting, features.

Professor Lewis, the first witness, wants us to be clear in our minds that the Arabs do not love us. Some pro-Western groups there are, and a number of statesmen, who go as far as they dare in their support of the West, but they have to walk warily. As for the reasons for this anti-Western attitude, Professor Lewis thinks that there is little justification for hope that if certain grievances could be removed all would be well. Indeed, he sees the conflict in terms not of a dispute between opposing states but of a clash between civilisations. The attraction of Russia for the Arabs is that she, too, is against the West; and the Russians take advantage of the Arabs' anti-Western mood although they are not responsible for it. It is the crisis of a civilisation such as can only be faced and solved from within.

Mr. Clark, you will remember, called attention to the position of India and China on opposite sides of the Great Divide. Part of their rivalry is based on power politics, but the main issue is the struggle of two nations in competition to secure better conditions of life for their people. The two systems are exact opposites: China a representative of the Communist, India of the democratic, way. Mr. Kennan's theory that we should just say to an Asian nation that threatens to go Communist: 'Very well, go' would be fatal.

Mr. Sweet-Escott sought to disabuse us of any idea that if we only used the right methods we could attract the Arab States into a Middle Eastern Nato. Nato came into being because the West was afraid of Russian intentions, but the Arabs are not. Nor did he think that even if our propaganda were more effective than he judges it to be it could succeed in winning over the Arabs, if only because we have nothing to offer them that they want. In his view, it is equally fallacious to imagine that economic aid will produce a change of Arab heart. For one thing, the Arabs have no belief in Western aid without strings, though they seem to have some faith that no conditions are attached to aid from Russia. Nevertheless, he thinks it would be a mistake to withhold aid, even if it does not bring much return in friendlier relations.

Professor Barraclough points to the difference between the situation in Europe and that in the Middle East, and thinks we are gravely wrong in treating the two as if they were similar. In the Middle East neutralism is a real force and there is a positive anti-Western feeling. They do not see themselves, on the other hand, menaced in any way by Communism, and are much more concerned with Israel. They are in the throes of an economic and social revolution, and the West has not yet given the impression of doing more than ignoring that vital aspect. Our military policy again, in his view, has cancelled itself out; for any country won to our side we have driven another into the opposite camp. The danger to the West lies in Russian exploitation of the genuine needs of the area and of its deep anti-Western prejudices.

Lord Strang's comments cover a wider canvas than the Middle East and extend to Asia as a whole. He picks up Professor Barraclough's point as to the difference in the situation in Europe and the Middle East and applies it to Asia in general, where nationalistic governments are jealous of their sovereignty, deeply concerned to raise the living standards of their vast populations and, therefore, ready to accept aid from any source provided always it is unconditional. The whole vast area is open to competition between the two great rival blocs. But he thinks that any clashes between civilisations in Asia are of less importance than the profound cleavage between capitalism and Communism, totalitarianism and democracy. It ought, therefore, to be not too difficult for the West to find a *modus vivendi* with the Asian countries.

Before passing to the views as to what should be done, I must just take into account Mr. Shonfield's evidence as to the possibility of freeing ourselves economically from excessive dependence upon the Middle East. Mr. Shonfield agrees with Mr. Kennan's proposition in his recent Reith Lecture that some steps must be taken to loosen the stranglehold. Mr. Kennan saw the remedy in the holding of larger stocks and in the development of alternative sources of supply, but Mr. Shonfield is dubious about the costs and other economic consequences of such a plan. The holding of increased stocks would be extremely costly, nor is rationing the answer. The trouble is not a shortage, but the reverse. Nuclear energy will not come to the rescue before 1970. His conclusion is that, however desirable it might be to lessen our dependence on the Middle East, it is unlikely to prove economically feasible.

What policy or policies did our witnesses propose? Professor Lewis thinks that we should take as little action as possible beyond defending our basic interests. In his opinion, the less we are seen to be doing in the Middle East the better—a line which I have seen described elsewhere as 'demonstrative disinterest'. Mr. Sweet-Escott thinks that we should try to manoeuvre the Russians into saying publicly that in their desire for peace in the Middle East they would be opposed to another Arab-Israeli war. In his view they would lose face seriously by any such declaration. The result might well be that if the Arabs realised that Russia would not help them in a war, they might at last be ready to accept the existence of Israel.

Professor Barraclough thinks that we must meet the Russian challenge, but not by competing with them in economic aid. The only safe policy is to strive to reduce intervention by either side, to get both blocs out of the area. We should at least discuss with Russia the banning of arms and the possibility of channelling all aid through the United Nations. By being thus treated, the countries of the Middle East might cease to threaten the peace of the world in general and our own vital interests in particular.

Mr. Clark's prescription is that we must help effectively in building up the economy of free Asia, not in charity but in collaboration. The Commonwealth idea has here an active part to play for it recognises the common interest between rich countries of the West and poor countries of the East. The Great Divide does not only separate countries of East and West, it separates rich countries from poor.

Lord Strang reflects on the practicability of building upon the foundations of such European influences as may survive—some Asian or African counterpart to the West European community. But in his view, unity today can be achieved only by an immense political upheaval of which Russia would take every advantage. Or, he speculates, does the hope lie in an Asian Marshall Plan, an extension of the Colombo Plan already operative in south and south-east Asia, which brings together all the countries of the region without regard to their political alignment? He is disposed to agree with Professor Lewis that we should do as little as possible, neither feverishly competing with the Russians on the economic side nor concentrating excessively on the military. What is needed is the right approach, and it must be a human one, respecting the reality of their independence, recognising their

economic needs without expecting gratitude in return, and having faith that they will be led to see that international anarchy is not the answer.

The Air Chief Marshal agrees with Mr. Shonfield that the oil situation is unlikely to alter much before 1970. We should, therefore, be wise to follow a firm politico-military policy in the Persian Gulf, so as to be in a position to back up, if necessary, the rulers of Bahrein, Kuwait, and the rest if they are threatened. There is also the matter of transporting the oil to Europe. In order to maintain our position in Aden and the Aden Protectorate, we may need to keep there, from time to time, small conventionally armed forces. We must therefore have a sufficient strategic reserve in the area to fulfil our responsibilities under the Baghdad Pact, and also to help the smaller states in time of trouble. The forces required under the Baghdad Pact, which would be mainly an air contribution, would have to be based north of the Suez Canal, but the rest would have sufficient mobility to remain in the Kenya-Aden area until required.

I hope that I have now covered the ground and that this *résumé* of the evidence may prove of some value to you in arriving at your own judgements upon it.—*Home Service*

Socialism in One Country

By ROBIN MARRIS

IT is often argued that if socialism were carried too far in this country, large quantities of capital on the one hand, and the cream of the labour force on the other, would migrate to the flourishing English-speaking capitalist countries overseas. Furthermore, there would be continuous difficulties in maintaining the balance of our foreign trade, especially if we entered into large-scale free-trade agreements with continental Western Europe as at present planned. The only way to offset these tendencies would be to apply increasing restrictions on the movements of persons and of capital, and sharply to reverse the present trend towards greater freedom in our international trade. The restrictions required would become more and more oppressive as time went by, would cause widespread political offence, and would have numerous specific side effects directly harmful to the national economy. Either the policies would have to be abandoned or the socialism would cease to be democratic.

That is the thesis I am going to discuss. It must be emphasised that I am not asking whether democratic socialism in this country is desirable, but whether in the circumstances it is possible. First, then, migration of capital: clearly the owners of private capital which can readily be converted into money and transferred overseas are likely to attempt such transfers if they fear nationalisation without adequate compensation; or if they find the rate of taxation on profits and interest much higher here than overseas, or if the government pursues policies which generally reduce the rate of profit which can be earned on capital before tax. These are all possible aspects of Labour policy which might induce capital to migrate.

But what do we really mean by migration of capital? We do not mean that the nation's factories and their contents will suddenly grow fins and swim across the Atlantic. We mean that people or institutions owning assets in the United Kingdom attempt to sell them to other people here and then invest the proceeds in, say, Australia. In other words, they lend money for economic development in Australia rather than here. In consequence, if the United Kingdom balance of payments is to be kept in equilibrium, imports must be lower or exports higher; our domestic economic resources are inevitably reduced and the most likely sufferer is domestic investment—for example, in new factories or housing.

Such a process is of course only possible if the economy is still largely capitalist in character, but it is not a process which cannot be controlled without undue interference with personal liberty. British governments, tory and socialist alike, have been controlling

external capital movements ever since 1939 and so have the governments of many perfectly respectable capitalist foreign countries. The United Kingdom government today has power to control long-term capital movements completely, but in practice it has refused to apply the power in the case of all movements in the sterling area. In fact, on average since the end of the war, something like £150,000,000 of long-term capital a year has been invested by this country in the Colonies and the independent sterling Commonwealth.

There has been controversy on whether this was desirable. But one thing which is certain is that the difficulties and drawbacks of control have been severely exaggerated. If we want to control these movements to the sterling area we can, and we can do so without undue interference with political liberty. Nevertheless, we cannot do it without interference of some kind, and there can be no denying that here is an example of a field in which socialism cannot function in one country without controls. Such controls, however, are not controls on persons but on their capital. Capitalist ideology, of course, identifies—I would say confuses—freedom of capital with freedom of the individual; democratic socialism aspires deliberately to interfere with capital, while leaving the individual no less free in other respects than in any ordinary Western democracy. Thus I would see nothing more wrong in controlling long-term capital movements from this country into the sterling area than most people would see if the government prohibited a British citizen from landing in Cyprus with the declared intention of joining the terrorist underground.

Long-term capital movements are not the only problem, however. Short-term movements, in other words speculative attacks on sterling, have been the more familiar national headache in the post-war period. To the extent that these occurrences are, rationally or irrationally, based on foreign bankers' estimates of the economic consequences of government domestic policy, they are very relevant to our discussion.

The causes of and possible cures for the present chronic weakness of sterling on short-term capital account have been fairly widely discussed recently. The subject is rather a technical one, but the consensus of enlightened opinion seems to be that the problem has less to do with politics, and less even with inflation, than might have been supposed. Briefly, it appears that the trouble has arisen mainly because successive governments have attempted to encourage the preservation of the City of London as an international financial centre, but have consistently failed to adopt economic policies which would have permitted

the accumulation of the massive foreign exchange reserves essential for such activity. And it seems that it is too late now to work on the assumption that we shall be able to accumulate reserves fast enough to make the present system safe: even if in the course of time we do manage to raise the reserves, some kind of drastic change in the system itself is inevitable.

Thus short-term weaknesses of the pound represent a possible limit on socialist policy in this country only in a special sense. For only a government which does not regard the institutions of the City of London as sacrosanct—that is to say a government which is socialistically minded—is likely to be prepared to take this bull by its horns. It is true that an actual Labour Government, once elected to office, might lack either the will or the means to do so. The trouble would then arise not from an excess of socialism, but rather from that old psychosis of democratic socialists—excessive awe of the institutions of capitalism. However, recent public statements suggest that Labour leaders are planning an attempt to avoid this danger next time they are in office.

Potential Migration of Labour

So much for migration of capital. But I have pointed out that one must not confuse freedom of capital with freedom of the individual; therefore potential migration of labour is another matter. If it could be shown that increased socialism must lead to a dangerously high rate of emigration from the most productive section of the working population, I would recognise this factor as a real limitation on the execution of labour policies.

The traditional prime cause of migration by any group, from any country, is a high level of demand for the services of the would-be migrants overseas, coupled with inadequate demand for them in the mother country. Both conditions are necessary. Migration from this country was fairly substantial in the nineteen-twenties, when chronic depression in Britain was coupled with boom in North America. In the 'thirties, when the slump was world-wide, outward migration from the United Kingdom was negligible. I venture to predict that the recent appearance of widespread unemployment in Canada will soon be found to have deflated the unprecedented boom in British migrants which that country had been enjoying. Similarly, an increase in unemployment in Britain today would, other things being equal, strongly encourage emigration. The moral, I think, is obvious.

It is true, however, that since 1952 there has developed a rather special sort of demand for the services of British technologists and professional people generally in North America. Firms in the United States and Canada have taken to advertising directly for the services of these workers, interviewing them in London, paying their fares, and making all the arrangements necessary for them to go straight to work on arrival. Needless to say, these offers involve attractive financial inducements and in consequence a small, but increasing and hence disturbing, trickle of scientists and engineers has been flowing from this country to North America. We must therefore examine carefully the character and implication of the financial offers made by the American firms.

The first point to make in all Anglo-American comparisons of this sort is that the cost of living is about 25 per cent. higher in the United States than here. My calculations therefore are based on an exchange rate of \$3.50 to the pound, rather than \$2.80. On this reckoning a young graduate scientist who might earn a starting salary of £700 a year in Britain could expect the equivalent of about £2,000, or two-and-three-quarters times as much, in America. There is not much evidence that the differential between 'middle-class' workers and manual workers in incomes before tax is on average higher in the United States than in Britain, so I would suggest that most of the difference in technologists' earnings is due no more than to the fact that the average standard of living of the whole American population is so much higher than the British. That would account for a factor of about double. The remainder—the three-quarters in the factor of two-and-three-quarters—is, I suggest, most probably due to scientists and engineers being more highly valued in America in comparison with other middle-class groups generally.

The young single graduate who stayed in the United Kingdom would pay about £110 of income tax on his £700, or about 16 per cent. On his American salary, if he lived say in New York, he would actually pay about 20 per cent. These figures may come

as a surprise, but it is only at the very high levels of the income hierarchy that the United States income tax gets significantly less onerous than the British. It is true that a man earning £2,000 a year in the United Kingdom pays rather more tax than he would on the same income in the United States, but the whole point is that in the United States he would not be earning the same income, he would be earning at least double, and paying tax in a correspondingly higher bracket.

In Canada and Australia his pre-tax income would be less than in the U.S.A., but in those two countries income-tax rates are lower than ours at all levels. I imagine that Canada and Australia are able to manage with lower income tax on account of carrying a smaller burden of military expenditure than either we or the Americans. This is a significant point, because a high level of defence expenditure, whatever the pros and cons, can hardly be described as an intrinsic feature of socialism. Further, the Labour Party's contemporary policies for an egalitarian distribution of wealth and economic opportunity specifically do not require more intensive use of progressive direct taxation on current incomes. The policies aim at more fundamental changes in the sources of income and income-earning power, rather than further tinkering with current distribution. So taxation, on which so much emphasis is laid in public discussion, is rather a red herring here. If it is important in practice, it is only so because the emigrants do not know the facts.

The really important factor in the situation, then, is the higher level of pre-tax earnings in the United States. I have already suggested that this was due to the higher average standard of living in the U.S.A. as a whole and to a better valuation of scientists and engineers in the middle-class hierarchy. Neither of these can be attributed to socialism. The higher American average productivity is a legacy of the failure of British capitalism to maintain a fast rate of growth since 1870. Labour policy specifically aims at a fast rate of growth, even at the risk of inflation. Indeed, if I may make a debating point, it looks as if the only period in the twentieth century so far when this country maintained an average rate of growth of productivity equal to the American was the period 1946-1951!

Finally, there is nothing about socialism which requires the undervaluation of scientists and engineers *vis-à-vis* other non-manual workers. Indeed, quite the contrary; so where are we?

I suspect that at this point you may have the feeling that I appear to have argued an important and real problem out of existence by means of logical tricks. The men are still migrating, and you may still believe they will migrate even more under socialism. Perhaps where the argument has gone wrong is in over-emphasising the financial factors. These, probably, are better regarded as necessary, rather than sufficient, conditions for migration. My impression is that so-called 'non-economic' factors are much more important initiating causes. For instance, any technologist worth his salt cares as much as anything about his work and his status. Many such people believe they will find more interesting work, and better status, in the dynamic economies of the New World; whereas they feel restricted, frustrated and bored when working in British industry. A socialist policy of rapid economic expansion, if it succeeded, might do something to ameliorate this and at least I do not see how it could make it worse.

Even more helpful would be explicit recognition by the Labour Party of the value of the work of both technologists and managers. Just because socialists do not value the functions of shareholders and non-working directors, they certainly should not look down

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Forms of Government

THE inaugural lecture by Dr. Max Beloff, the newly appointed Professor of Government and Public Administration at Oxford, has been published with commendable promptitude by the Oxford University Press. The Chair was originally known as that of 'political theory and institutions' and designed to be an essential branch of study in three Final Honours Schools, that of Literae Humaniores ('Greats'), Modern History, and Law. Time has changed all that. Under its new title the teaching of the professorship has been closely allied with 'Modern Greats' (Politics, Philosophy, Economics), but as Dr. Beloff points out, 'the student of politics is not obviously at home with an economics that verges towards the status of pure mathematics or with a philosophy largely preoccupied with problems of language'. Thus the subject of 'government and public administration' might at first glance appear to be beating in a void and the first question that needs to be asked in connection with it is whether it can usefully be taught at all.

Traditionally politics has always been regarded as a subject that should be discussed by learned teachers with the young. Aristotle and Plato both taught politics: in our own country men like Hobbes and Locke, Bolingbroke and Burke, taught it, the former pair as philosophers, the latter pair as practising politicians. But political science—an ancient battle ground between philosophers and historians—is an academic subject: the art of government is a practical matter. The question remains whether it can be treated scholastically or mastered only by experience.

The right answer to this question probably is much as Professor Beloff suggests in his lecture: namely, that it is essential to understand how the comparatively political institutions of our modern world work. As Dr. Beloff remarks, Pope's famous lines

For forms of government let fools contest.
Whate'er is best administered is best

represent the opposite of the truth. For while there are some problems of administration which are much the same under all forms of government, the impact of most measures is dependent upon the frame of government into which they have to be fitted. Many different frames of government exist in the world today. The three democratic systems in Britain, France, and the United States are by no means alike. Outside the area commanded by the Soviet system of so-called 'people's democracies', particularly in the Middle East and the Far East, many systems contend for mastery. Some countries that have sloughed off what they call 'colonialism' have gone on or are going purely totalitarian. Others appear to be trying to adapt some kind of western parliamentary democracy for the use of tribal and largely illiterate peoples. Though fewer of our young men today are being called upon to go out as administrators in Colonies or Protectorates, there is a great demand for advisers and trainers, while the survival of our international trade is dependent upon an ability to understand varying forms of foreign government. Indeed no serious doubt can exist about the value and significance of Professor Beloff's subjects. In fact they should be studied by everyone who is not content to be a Little Englander in a changing world. Into which curriculum it should be fitted is another matter. Perhaps it deserves an Honours School to itself.

What They Are Saying

Foreign broadcasts on world affairs

THE ANGLO-U.S. AGREEMENT on missile bases, the House of Commons debate on defence, and the Soviet agreement to a Foreign Ministers' meeting to prepare for a summit conference were among the latest developments discussed by commentators in their speculations about summit talks.

From the United States *The New York Herald Tribune*, commenting on the British Government's decision to rely chiefly on nuclear weapons and missiles in the event of a major war, was quoted as saying:

No one questions that this method of maintaining a military equilibrium is far from ideal. But the position of the Labour opposition in the Commons—that Britain should refuse to accept United States missiles until after a summit conference, or, as a strong minority of Labourites insist, that those missiles should not be accepted on any terms—seems a dangerous trifling with fate. The record of negotiations with Russia offers no indication that Western weakness will inspire Eastern magnanimity—quite the reverse.

The Baltimore Sun was quoted as saying:

The Western position is founded on a conviction that it is weakness that invites aggressive attack and strength that deters. From Australia, *The Sydney Morning Herald* was quoted as follows:

The British Government has refused to be diverted from what it clearly conceives to be its duty to the security of Western Europe. Had Britain hung back, the establishment of similar bases on the Continent would obviously have been seriously prejudiced. By accepting the risk and the cost of nuclear missile bases, Britain has, not for the first time, set an example to Europe of fortitude and heroism.

The Melbourne Age, commenting on Labour opposition to missile bases before summit talks, was quoted as saying:

Such a postponement would not help the talks. The agreement [on missile bases] tends to equalise the bargaining positions of the two sides, which is the only sound basis for negotiation. In addition, if no agreement on disarmament is reached when the talks are held, the bases would still have to be established according to the Nato decision. This would aggravate any tension created by the failure to find agreement at the summit.

From France, *Le Monde* was quoted as saying that the Labour Party was once again running the risk of being torn in two by the new left-wing campaign for a unilateral renunciation of nuclear weapons. In West Germany, commentators were particularly concerned with the insistence expressed by General Norstad, the Nato Commander-in-Chief, in a television interview, that the new West German army must be supplied with tactical atomic weapons as long as the present situation remained unchanged. *Die Welt* was one of the newspapers quoted as strongly criticising this as likely to increase tension and further prevent German reunification.

The voluminous comment from East Germany on the 'outburst of indignation' among Germans at General Norstad's statement echoed Moscow broadcasts, which maintained that protests against 'the fatal consequences of stationing atomic weapons' on West German territory had become so widespread that 'even some prominent leaders of the ruling Christian Democrat Party' were in favour of the alternative of an atom-free zone in Central Europe. According to Moscow radio, the British protest movement against United States' rocket bases in Britain had become 'a truly national movement'. It was stressed that both the Anglo-U.S. agreement on missile bases and the White Paper on Defence were the worst possible psychological preparations for summit talks. West European audiences were warned that countries harbouring United States rocket bases would be subject to mass retaliation in the event of a rocket being launched through the kind of stupidity which might happen 'in the atmosphere of war hysteria which reigns among the U.S. militarists'.

Moscow radio remained silent about the three new nuclear tests carried out in the Soviet Union last week, but a Moscow broadcast in English maintained that the United States decision to resume nuclear tests in the Pacific was 'the kind of preparation [for a summit meeting] which does nothing to allay the suspicions of which we hear so much from the West'.

Did You Hear That?

SOVEREIGNS BY THE MILLION

'GOLDEN SOVEREIGNS, dated 1958 and bearing the head of Queen Elizabeth, are to be struck by the Royal Mint in London', said R. J. MARTIN in 'Today'. 'But these sovereigns will not be issued for circulation at home: they will go into the nation's gold reserves and that will enable other sovereigns in the reserves to be released for circulation abroad. For although it is over forty years since gold coin circulated at home, abroad the sovereign is still almost an international coin.'

'It is used extensively, especially in the Middle East, where traders have known it and trusted it for generations. The number of sovereigns so circulating is largely a matter of conjecture but responsible estimates vary from 100 millions to 300 millions. Another country where English gold is common is Greece. During the war we used to drop large quantities there from aeroplanes to help the partisans, and, later, during the war in Korea, both British and American airmen are said to have carried sovereigns sewn into their clothing as a financial protection in the event of their landing behind the enemy's lines.'

'For some time the value of the sovereign abroad has stood at a premium. Consequently there has been considerable counterfeiting. These counterfeits, although not of the perfect finish of the genuine coin, have been of full weight and made of proper gold and the counterfeiters have been able to make a profit owing to the premium that they were able to obtain. These counterfeiters claimed that they had not acted illegally, stating that the sovereign is no longer legal tender. But they were wrong and the British Government took vigorous action in foreign courts of law and the coiners are paying the penalty. So the Treasury is now going to make available further supplies of genuine sovereigns and obtain the benefit of the premium for the British taxpayer.'

'It is perhaps rather ironical that hundreds of millions of sovereigns can circulate abroad and yet at home it is illegal to possess even one. But that is so. Sovereigns were last minted for general circulation in 1917 and, although they disappeared as currency during the first world war, it was never illegal to hold them. The present prohibition came with the Exchange Regulations of the last war and has since been confirmed by Act of Parliament. The sovereign is still legal tender but no one would ever dream of using one, assuming that it had been legitimately acquired, to pay a debt of 20s. when it can be sold to an authorised dealer for its bullion value of about 58s. A genuine collector of coins is permitted to hold a gold coin if its numismatic value is greater than that of its gold content. But no specimens of this year's mintings will be permitted to reach a collector, although a small number will be supplied to the national coin collections.'

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A MEMORY OF MORECAMBE

'The news that the West End fairground on Morecambe promenade is being cleared away', said D. L. HARTLEY in 'The Northcountryman', 'took me straight back to my boyhood between the wars.'

'In the long summer holidays we local children spent a lot of time there—though of course we hardly ever spent any money. We watched other people 'having a go' or we listened to the touts—like the thin man with a little black moustache and a large Adam's apple who persuaded people to go in to see Madame X the mind reader. Nearby, before Eric the Whale occupied the premises, was Chief Luale and his African village. I must have watched him and his men give their sample piece a hundred times, and I can still sing their song, but I never paid my sixpence to go inside.'

'On a little stage under a switchback railway, which we called the Figure Eight, the song demonstrators—a pianist and a singer-salesman—offered sheet music. Already we were learning to see things the American way; one of the songs, I remember, came from the heart of a refugee from prohibition:

There'll be photographs
of breweries
All around my bedroom wall!
So goodbye, Broadway,
Hello, Montreal!

'Not really part of the fairground, but satellites of it, were the sellers of medicine, a never-ending source of wonder and entertainment. Percy, at the entrance to the pier, was a very smooth character; dressed in a spotless white overall he gave the impression that between visits to the wards he had slipped out, just as he

was, to give us a little advice on health. I could not take to him but I was always fascinated by his talk, and he attracted people to him simply by handling a small snake.'

'The most interesting, however, were the Toole brothers, for they offered a challenge. City slickers, sophisticated medicine men, should have looked like Percy or the partner of Madame X; but the Tooles had quiet northern voices, big untidy moustaches, and across their waistcoats heavy gold watch-chains with alberts attached. And those young men they treated with their hair restorer—we had never seen anyone as bald as that! Bald men usually had *some* hair, round the back and at the sides. Could it be that they were shaved by the Tooles at the beginning of the summer, or were they really bald? After all, the Tooles said it was their lotion that made the hair grow—and they spoke in homely voices. I still can't make up my mind.'

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HANGING OUT THE WASHING

In a talk in the Home Service DAVID PIPER defended the hanging out of washing. 'For a long time', he said, 'I could see nothing except washing. I thought that I would never see a thing so lovely as a good lineful of drying clothes. I was not reticent about this; I developed a standard sermon on the subject. Its text was: "The Napkin is a Thing of Beauty".'

'It was woven from several strands, that sermon. One part was a great flaming assault on hypocrisy allied with the Puritan denial of the senses. The pleasure of clean linen is or should be a sensual pleasure, and rooted even more in the senses of touch and smell perhaps than in that of sight. Anyone who has never on tiptoe snatched the last peg from a great, airing sheet, and been half-blown-over by the great, white sail of it and half-melted by the



Washing blowing in the wind: a photographic study by G. MacDonnic

wonderful fragrance of sun-dried linen—as profoundly basic a smell almost as that of baking bread—anyone who does not know that feeling I would almost say has not lived. The napkin is a thing of beauty, and so are sheets, slips, shifts, pillow-cases, camisoles, knickers, nightdresses, pyjamas, shirts, socks, petticoats, pants, bathmats, towels, and all motley frippery strung out on a line to dry in a kicking wind.

‘Another part called in depth upon the authority of the great painters. Washing may lower the tone of the neighbourhood, but would not my neighbours covet that painting by the great Dutch landscapist Ruysdael for their sitting rooms—that view of the bleaching grounds near Haarlem that he repeated so often, with its green fields striped across with whitening cloth under the tumultuous sky? Then to my delight I discovered that contemporary painters were at last catching up with me. I daresay you know that in the last ten years a kind of painting has become very fashionable that is known, in one of its forms at least, as “action-painting”. Really these painters do care—though some say they do not—they care about what is left on their canvas when they have finished. But their essential interest—as their name action-painters implies—is in what goes on while they are actually painting, in the action of painting. But at some point they have to stop, and when they stop the action stops too, and you are left with the frozen gestures daubed and dribbled in paint on canvas. But, you know, any housewife who strings up a line of washing is getting somewhere near to being an action-painter, at any rate a promoter of action-painting—it is one of the great folk-arts. Up go the clothes, the more various they are the better, and in sails the wind, belting in, biffing, bashing, blowing, smacking, punching colour and shape out of what was in your wash-tub all over the sky. And the advantage that washing has over action-painting is that the wind need not stop, need not freeze its gestures; the wind is an action-painter for ever ideally in action’.

A NEW LOOK FOR THE TELEPHONE DIRECTORY

‘New editions of the London telephone directory, and in fact all of Britain’s telephone directories, are published every twelve or fifteen months’, said JOHN TIDMARSH, a B.B.C. reporter in ‘The Eye-Witness’. ‘In London about a million subscribers get new editions of the four books A to D, E to K, L to R and S to Z. The S to Z section is the first of the four to be printed in Bell Gothic type. The main advantage is this: although it is just as clear and easy to read, it is in fact a smaller type and that means more entries per page leading to a saving of paper. On 1,000,000 copies of this S to Z section alone the Post Office is going to save more than 100 tons of paper worth about £8,000. I was told that when all of Britain’s telephone directories are issued in this new type the Post Office will save about 1,000 tons of paper every fifteen months, or £80,000.’

The Stationery Office at Harrow and Wealdstone is a rather institutional looking building. Although other official publications are printed there, about 200 people are kept busy all the year round preparing new telephone directories. Altogether 10,000,000 are issued from this office every year. About 5,000,000 of them are for the greater London area alone. It is one of the largest

printing jobs in the world. The first London directory, printed in 1880, had only twenty-four pages and just over 400 names.

‘Before each printing nearly 500,000 alterations, amendments, and withdrawals have to be made. The actual printing is done on fast-running rotary presses in sections of sixty-four pages, which hurtle off the end of the machine, neatly folded, at the rate of 16,000 an hour’.

THE ROAD TO THE ISLES

‘You get your first sight of the Western Isles’, said NOEL STEVENSON, in ‘Come to Scotland’, ‘as the road runs down to Morar by the sea at a gem of an emerald bay, with tiny islets and white sands and a dark moss-torrent pouring down in rapids at the northern bend—just before you get to Mallaig and the tough little ships that sail about the islands.’

‘Facing you across the narrow waters of the Sound of Sleat is Skye—the Misty Isle—with the spiky arc of the Cuillin mountains crowning its blue silhouette. There are two mainland gateways to the island. One is Mallaig, which is the railhead of the

Highland Line that runs from Glasgow; and the other Kyle of Lochalsh, on the narrows further north, which is the railhead of the line from Inverness. Both are journeys of indescribable beauty.

‘Either way you can get a ferry over the Sound—except on Sundays—and drive or take a bus on to Portree, the island capital, and there are so many things to see when you get to Skye that it is hard to begin the catalogue. First, I think I would put Dunvegan Castle, age-old stronghold of the MacLeod chief.

‘Dunvegan is an astonishing place. Standing as it does stark and proud above the waters of the loch



Crofts at Staffin, Skye

J. Allan Cash

of that name, it well fits its role as the home of a descendant of kings—for the progenitor of the clan was a grandson of Harold Hardrada, the Norse king slain in battle against King Harold of England at Stamford Bridge. There are Jacobite treasures, including a lock of Prince Charles Edward’s hair. There is the great two-handed broadsword of the hero Rory Mor. There is the dark, bottle-necked dungeon, and, above all, the Fairy Flag of the MacLeods, carrying the inscription: ‘Given by the faeries to Ian, 4th Chief, about 1380. It brought victory to the Clan at the Battle of Glendale in 1490, and at the Battle of the Wall, Trumpan (Waternish) in 1580’.

‘Skye is easy to get round and there are many things to see. There is Borreraig where the peerless MacCrimmons, hereditary pipers to the MacLeod chiefs, had their college; there is Braes, where the womenfolk once rolled boulders and clods down the mountainside to drive off the Sheriff and his Glasgow policemen; there is the grave of Flora Macdonald, who saved Prince Charlie in his hour of peril, though a whisper to the redcoats would have made her £30,000 the richer.

‘But let us hurry back to the Kyle of Lochalsh and catch the mail steamer *Loch Seaforth*, which sails between the little isles of Scalpay and Raasay and the enchanting hills of Applecross, and across the Minch to the Hebridean capital, Stornoway. It is an exciting little place, thronged with ships. All round you are the signs of the three major industries of the Outer Isles—fishing, crofting, and the hand-weaving of Harris tweed’.

Authority and Democracy in France

By ANDRÉ SIEGFRIED

THE French Government is at present studying a project for reforming the French Constitution. Can we expect a good and efficient result from such a study? It is difficult to understand France. English public opinion is likely to maintain, concerning French politics, that the judgement of Macbeth is the true one; it is 'a tale told by an idiot full of sound and fury, signifying nothing'. I think this is not true. The French system certainly is not efficient, but it is always intelligent and very often excessively subtle.

Adoption of a Roman Idea

Psychological conditions can be found to explain the French attitude. Personally I find them in the Roman conception of the transcendental state, which the French have adopted. In that conception the state dominates the individual; it is even the enemy of the individual, who is tempted to defend himself against such an excessive power. If you compare this with the British notion of the community, you will conclude that the two points of view are not only different but contradictory. You must also bear in mind that the French consider the individual as a thinking individual. He claims a constant critical liberty of thought, and in that sense he has no political discipline. Even if this independence is creative it is certainly not a source of efficiency in politics.

In France and England we see two entirely different and contradictory situations. England has been successful in creating an authority which is liberal, and a liberalism which is constructive. The French have never been able to do so. We have sometimes had authority without liberty; but when we have achieved liberty, this liberty has not led to authority; it was even obtained at the expense of authority. I think that this comparison can be linked with the fact that England is Protestant and France is Catholic.

History gives another explanation. Democracy in France has been born of a double revolt: against the absolutist authority of the ancient regime, and against the absolutist authority of the Catholic Church. That is why the Frenchman, at least when he is of the left, normally distrusts the authority of the state: a powerful executive always seems to him suspect of reaction. On the other hand, his conception of liberty is negative. The effect on the formation of our democratic regime has been enormous. The French consider that the only true representation of democracy can be found in an elected assembly. On the contrary, the Government is normally held in suspicion, and is always suspected of trying to be absolutist.

The contrast with Britain then appears striking, although the two Constitutions, the French and the English, are similar to each other. You must distinguish in France between the state and the political executive. The political executive is weak—and please realise that people want that to be so because they think that this offers more guarantees for the liberty of the individual. On the other hand, the state considered as an organised administration is very strong in the Roman tradition. If there is instability in the executive, there is stability and strength in what we call '*l'Administration*', which is expressed essentially in the Napoleonic *préfet*. In a French *Département* the strength of the state is expressed strongly in the *Préfecture*.

The problem of authority in democracy has sometimes been solved, for instance by the French Empire, but without liberty. On the contrary, the Republics, either the Third or the Fourth, have fully realised liberty but without authority, and this weakness of the executive is reflected mainly in ministerial instability. It is well known that French Cabinets do not last. Why? Essentially because at every moment the Cabinet must represent the majority of the moment, either in the centre of gravity or the axis of the majority. So it is necessary that a constant readjustment should be made. Such is the fundamental cause of the fall of Cabinets.

Bear in mind that in most cases the next Cabinet will be very similar to the previous one. In that sense there is a series of Cabinets, all of the same formation. Also, often, if you take the members of these Cabinets, you will find the same men forming the teams of executives. If there is a change in the political tendency, the team will change. If there is no change in the policy, the team will remain the same. The instability of Cabinets can then coincide with a full stability of the executive. If the French change their men they do not change their policy. Its tendency is generally stable.

How could the system be reformed? There are efficient remedies and we know them. The first one would be to change the customs of the parliamentarians, their ways of thought and action. This would be equivalent to changing the conception which we have either of the executive or of the elected member of the Assembly. I understand that it is difficult to change the customs and the ways because that means changing the very character of the people. But if we changed the character of the French, then it would not be necessary to change the Constitution. The present Constitution could be adapted to a very strong Government. The second observation is that it would be possible to find a remedy for the uncertainty of the executive by frankly admitting the presidential regime. Such a regime has been expressed in France by the Emperor, either Napoleon I or Napoleon III. In both cases an executive independent of Assemblies meant strength and stability.

I do not think this remedy can now be accepted. Many Frenchmen would admit it, but the bulk of public opinion is obviously against it. The reason why General De Gaulle, although he was immensely popular, has not been able to remain in the Government is mainly because he wanted to establish a Government largely independent of the Assembly. Outside of these major cures only palliatives are possible. What can you do? You can facilitate the investiture of the Cabinets and make the motions of censure more difficult: a smaller majority will be necessary for the investiture and a greater one for a motion of censure. You can also insist that a Cabinet shall not resign if it is put into a minority only on a secondary question, which at present is not done. Thirdly, you can facilitate the dissolution, admitting it as a normal procedure. I do not think that dissolution by itself is a solution, if the electors send the same members to the House again, but the threat of a dissolution must be a warning to the Deputies that they should not overthrow the Cabinet too easily.

Then, again, I think we could find a remedy in the change of the electoral regime. Proportional representation has never led to the formation of majorities. We should return to the regime of the majority, by the system either of the individual constituency or of the list in the *Département*. But we should not have too many illusions about it.

Public Opinion and the Present System

You might ask whether the present system, though inefficient, has the approval of the French. Obviously the French do not approve a regime which is clearly inefficient, but if you look below the surface you will see that public opinion does. What people like in the system is its respect for liberty in discussion, its respect for minorities. To these things the country is very much attached.

It must be admitted that the Republic has not given France efficiency and stability in government, but so far the country has not, in order to have stability and greater efficiency, accepted the sacrifice of the atmosphere of freedom to which it is probably most profoundly committed. The sources of the evil are thus ancient and deep but they are compensated for by obvious advantages, and they are, after all, associated with the very nature of a great people.—*Third Programme*

The Eskimo Looks at Our Culture

By R. G. H. WILLIAMSON

PANGNIRTUNG is a remote spot in Baffin Island in the Canadian far north. There is a long, broad fjord striking west from Cumberland Sound into high mountains. At a point where the fjord begins to narrow, a wide shelf of relatively flat land stretches out from the base of the nearest shoulder of the Penny Highlands. Along the edge of this shelf there are a few small wooden buildings, painted white, and some scattered Eskimo dwellings.

A few years ago, one day in early winter I stood looking down on the settlement from the first ridge. All I could see in the snow were the tiny dots which represented the red roofs of the Hudson's Bay Company trading post. Their whaling shed lay in a little cove further east. There was a little Anglican mission, a small hospital with only two nurses, and the cabin of a Royal Canadian Mounted Policeman. Standing beside me was an Eskimo called Kakasil. His keen eyes were searching westward. 'Brother look', he said, 'our friend Jamesekadlek is on his way in from the Place of Fishes'.

Seven miles away was a moving speck, approaching unexpectedly from the white expanse of Cumberland Sound. We were intrigued, because Jamesekadlek did not usually come in after freeze-up until Christmas time. We started down at once to receive our friend, who always stays with Kakasil when he comes in to trade. They are second cousins. We all arrived at the same time at Kakasil's dwelling, and after handshakes we helped the women and older children to unharness the eleven dogs and carry the gear from the twenty-two-foot sled into the tent.

The Eskimoes of this area have in recent years taken to remaining in tents some time after snowfall. They keep the warmth in the tents by using double walls, lined with moss for insulation. The outside is built around with snow blocks. Snow-houses are used later in the year, and always on long journeys or during hunting trips over the sea-ice to the floe-edge.

Lea, Kakasil's smiling daughter, handed us pint mugs of strong, black tea. Politely we waited for our visitor to tell his news first. Jamesekadlek told us about the unfortunate Salimoonnee. He had gone through the ice at the Sha'bak near their camp—a place where swift currents kept an area of water unfrozen. He had lost all his dogs, his sleeping bag, his primus stove, and, worst of all, his new rifle, for which he had been saving for several years. He had saved his own life by quick thinking. He slapped his wet mitts on a bare area of the main ice, to which they froze, adhering firmly. Then he pulled himself out and ran back to the camp. Other men had lent him clothes, dogs, sleeping skins, and a .22 rifle, from their own meagre resources.

Eskimoes daily live so near to disaster that they have evolved the only possible reaction to misfortune—laughter. At that moment Salimoonnee was busy laughing off a twisted knee which

he had sustained the day after his narrow escape, trying to stop a bloody fight between his borrowed dogs.

It was this chapter of misfortunes which brought Jamesekadlek to Panguirtung. He had taken it upon himself to come there to borrow a Canadian Ranger's rifle and ammunition for Salimoonnee. The Canadian Rangers are in theory like a northern Home Guard, usually under the command of the local Hudson's Bay trader, but in practice the scheme functions only to place useful weapons and a small supply of free ammunition in the

hands of the Eskimo hunters. They would never, however, be called upon to do violence to other men, for human life is so hard to sustain in the North and so precious that there is nothing more foreign to the Eskimo culture than killing men.

This does not mean that the Eskimoes are not realists. Their outlook on their own culture and ours is one of common sense without illusion. Only an intelligent and adaptable people could have lived successfully for centuries in this most difficult of environments, evolving their own highly specialised technology and social philosophy.

They are now having to apply these qualities in dealing with the impact of the white man's culture on theirs.

Talking about employed work and hunting in one of our long, quiet conversations, Kakasil put it like this: 'Any man who's been hungry or cold for a long time, or who's crouched on the ice over a seal's breathing hole in mid-winter without moving for hours, in order to feed his family, would be a fool not to consider a way of being more sure of daily food. But to hunt is the best way'.

Many Eskimoes recognise that there is a measure of security in living in association with the whites. Kakasil sees also that such living, though it entails honest work, entails also a loss of the independence and self-sufficiency which is such a strong element in the culture of the Eskimo. In many of his attitudes Kakasil reflects the feelings of all his people. 'There is much in the white man's way which is good for the Eskimo', he once said as we lay in our sleeping bags in a snowhouse, waiting out a blizzard. 'The Eskimo has always spent all his time merely keeping alive. The white man's knowledge has given him time to think of other things. We can help ourselves and each other more if we can use some of this knowledge'.

Thinking Eskimoes see undesirable things in our culture too. Kakasil was amused at our obsession with time and counting. Their culture is devoid of any motivation to calculate. They see no point in counting days or years, still less fractions of days. Their time-keeping vocabulary is taken from the white man's watch; thus *Kaivadlowrosil*, the word for an hour, literally means 'the circuit of the long hand'. Age is a relative matter; if a girl is big enough, she is old enough. Kakasil saw artificiality in the white man's way of consulting his watch (as he said) to find out



The Arctic outpost of Panguirtung, Baffin Island

if he is hungry or sleepy, and he saw behind all the counting of time and things its concomitant shortcoming—*anxiety*.

It is no good becoming too romantic about the past culture of the Eskimoes. Continuous contact with the whites has been going on quietly in some places for over half a century. Already they are changed. They showed themselves willing to relinquish some independence when they became regular trappers in order to buy white men's goods. But they felt that if the traders wanted useless furs in exchange for useful articles, they would willingly trap a little. They bought rifles, windproof fabrics and warm duffle, Primus stoves and canvas, and they put them to good use—within the needs of their own way of life. They still hunt seal, only now more effectively; there are few finer shots in the world. They make parkas with duffle and greencell cloth, but use the traditional design and trim the hood with fur. They still make skin clothing, but if they run out of sinew they can use sailmakers' yarn.

They used to hunt traditionally in family groups, pooling their weapons and food. Some family groups now pool their trapping money and buy small boats for summer hunting. They sail further, showing superb seamanship, and hunt longer. Their mechanical bent is strong, and they maintain small marine engines which would be the despair of skilled white mechanics. Trade fabrics and canvas have largely replaced seal-skins for tenting and summer clothing, so that though the seals they need are hunted more effectively, they are used for fewer purposes. Large-scale walrus hunts in the autumn, carried out in the camp-group boat, often provide enough dog food for much of the winter—and thus a further drain on the seal population is lessened. Once, after a long hungry period, Kakasil came smiling down from a pressure ridge carrying his old whaler's telescope. 'I've spotted a seal', he said, 'a long way off'. He picked up his rifle, and as he slithered off over the ice he observed, 'Without these white men's gadgets we might have died'.

In a few places in the Arctic now, Eskimoes are becoming regular workmen, earning money wages, living in houses, sending their children to school, and acquiring capital goods. Will they, like us, become egocentric, anxious, conspicuous consumers?

I might try to answer that question against the background of Pangnirtung and people like Kakasil. He and I have travelled together in the dark mid-winter in seventy-five degrees of frost, with half a frozen fish as our total food for six days. We have driven a starving and exhausted dog-team along an ice-ledge clinging to a high cliff-face forty feet above dark, deep water, with our support crumbling and crashing down behind us. We have struggled through soft snow, floundering waist-deep towards the Eskimo camp near Ooshooahlook, an upthrust mountain commanding a sheltered fjord. We have strained legs, backs, and shoulders to save our bucking sled from being smashed in tremendous pressure-ice, jumping hummocks and gulleys and sorting out demented dogs while sealskin traces snapped viciously. We have spent frozen days in the two-hour twilight of mid-winter, patrolling the floe edge in search of seals, watching the black water, and seeing only killer whales. Their ugly presence explained the lack of game. We have laughed together, seen and assisted in the miracle of birth, given each other companionship in the presence of death, found joy in playing with children,



Eskimo woman and child outside their tent on Baffin Island, with (in the foreground) a sled and its team of huskies

and understanding in searching talks and long silences.

Kakasil is a great hunter and leader, but he draws much of his strength from a heritage of challenges met in an exacting environment. The Eskimo cannot conceive of himself as an individual, but only in terms of his position and function in the family structure. The family, in the last analysis, is the repository and vehicle of a society's culture. White man's economics will reduce the ramifications of the Eskimo's family obligations, but the psychological solidarity of many ages will not disappear overnight. Kakasil does not speak English, but his grandchildren probably will. The Eskimo language has such power to express fine shades of meaning, and such virility, that it will most likely remain a cohesive force of the culture and its people.

There are few places in the Arctic as beautiful as Pangnirtung, Kakasil's home. In the winter he looks upon snow-covered slopes along the fjord, which take on hundreds of beautiful, gentle shades of blue and purple, while the peaks rise white to the sky. In the summer he walks over the tongue of land below the bluff, thickly carpeted with vivid flowers of every colour.

We have come from hunting in early morning, scarcely daring to disturb the placid blue-green water, and watched the women in clean white parkas with large baby-carrying hoods and heel-length trains, moving slowly to the stream through the diaphanous ground mist. We have stood in the middle of the fairy fjord in the winter, in mid-day moonlight, in cold which crusted our breath on our furs, and in silence which made audible the creaking of snow granules under our feet.

White men have gone into the Arctic thinking that the Eskimoes need our knowledge—as indeed they do—but we have also found that we have much to learn from them. Their culture is specially adapted to the facing of serious challenge, but they have never faced one so complex as that presented by our culture today. Strong, calm and intelligent men like Kakasil of Pangnirtung are not rare in his race. The future will demand much of them, and if we provide opportunity and understanding they will show how much they have to give.—*Home Service*



A woman, with a baby in her hood, chewing sealskin to soften it for making into boots

The Achievement of Arnold Dolmetsch

By THURSTON DART

WHEN I was born, Arnold Dolmetsch was more than sixty-three years old, and though he still had nineteen years of vigorous life before him he had already achieved the greater part of what he had set out to do so many years earlier. It is not easy, therefore, for someone like myself, two generations younger, to appreciate the nature of the problems that faced him when he was my age. Thanks to what he did—and thanks, too, to what others did, for he was not the only worker in the huge field of old music—many of these problems have long since been overcome, and the wheel of the musical wagon has turned into different tracks.

Musical Apprenticeship

What did Arnold Dolmetsch set out to do, and how successful was he in achieving his aims? His father, an organist, was apprenticed to Armand Gouillard, an organ-builder and music factor in the French town of Le Mans; and like at least one other young musical apprentice, Dolmetsch *père* married his employer's daughter and eventually took over the business. When young Arnold was only sixteen his father died, and the affairs of the firm were handled by the strong team of Arnold himself—already an accomplished violinist—his mother, and his grandmother. The story of the next ten years of his life is a fascinating one and you can read about it in Mrs. Dolmetsch's recent book of recollections—how he made a runaway match with Mme Morel, a musical young widow; how they went to Kentucky; their return to Europe; Arnold's four years of study at the Brussels Conservatoire with, among other people, the violinist Vieuxtemps; his decision to come to England, where he entered the Royal College of Music in 1882, its opening year, becoming a pupil of Parry; and finally his appointment to the teaching staff of Dulwich College.

Now begins the real Dolmetsch story, for the next fifteen years were to be of crucial importance. Like a number of other late-nineteenth-century musicians, he became interested in the romantic-sounding viola d'amore. The trouble with this instrument is that its repertory is not much bigger than the repertory for solo double-bass, and few of the great early masters wrote for it. No doubt someone told Dolmetsch this, almost as brusquely as I have put it here. Since he was not the kind of man to suffer fools gladly, he went to the British Museum to look for more music for the viola d'amore, and there he made his first acquaintance with the almost unbelievably rich repertory of English music for a consort of viols.

His future path was clear. Like many of us, he believed that early composers knew exactly what they were doing. He believed, as I certainly do, that if they chose to write for the viol or the lute or the recorder in preference to the equally available violin or guitar or flute, their choice was not made capriciously but deliberately. He believed, therefore, that the only way of understanding early music was to play it on the instruments its composers specified, in the way that they chose to do it themselves. He had no time for the will-of-the-wisp, wistful, illogical question that is so often raised in discussions of this point. It always begins in the same way: 'Oh, but wouldn't Bach have loved the grand piano?' and it has been discussed a good deal recently in the daily press.

It seems to me that this question is without meaning, that it is literally non-sense. One might as well say 'Wouldn't Rembrandt have loved a camera?'. Perhaps he would; but if he had lived in an age possessing such a device, then his paintings would not have been those we associate with his name. You cannot pull a man out of his true environment, shove him into another, and then expect him to behave in exactly the same way, any more than you can expect a nightingale to sing under the sea. If Bach had lived in the age of the grand piano, then instead

of the Goldberg Variations he would have written those named after Diabelli or Paganini; instead of six Brandenburg concertos, we should have had nine symphonies. In mathematical terms, a man is a product of his time, his music is a product of the sonorities available to him. Bach and the modern grand piano are, by logical definition, incompatible.

Dolmetsch saw this clearly. One of his most ardent and learned disciples, the late Gerald Hayes, answered it for all time. 'The argument', said Hayes, 'that great music should be independent of the medium of expression is disposed of by the *reductio ad absurdum* of playing "Lohengrin" on the barrel organ'. Here Hayes was expressing with the maximum of emphasis Dolmetsch's point of view; how can one dispute its truth? Since early music was written for a far wider range of instrumental tone-colours than was ever used by Beethoven or Brahms, since most of the instruments in question had become obsolete not because of inherent defects but because of the whims of fashion, the decrees of boredom, or the law of the loudest; then, said Dolmetsch, let us find out how these instruments were made and how they were played, let us make them and play them. So simple a notion, it seems; yet it is a notion that could have occurred only to someone who was a skilled craftsman, a performing musician, a bit of a composer, a scholar, and an impatient enthusiast all rolled into one person.

There lies, it seems to me, the uniqueness of this man. He had these varied talents. He had that concentrated egotistical selfishness which in the arts is anything but a vice. He was born into an age that somehow felt all was not well with it, and—like other ages—looked into the past for resolution of its doubts. Dolmetsch came to England, a country in which 'old' music has always been cherished, a land of antiquaries, a land of what he as a Frenchman must have expected to find: '*le spleen*', that sweet, melancholy, nostalgic, enjoyable dissatisfaction with things as they are, that can be perceived in the music of Dunstable and of Delius, of Taverner and of Tippett. Not for nothing has '*le spleen*' been called the English vice; many music critics still suffer from it.

Single-minded Pursuit of an Idea

The rest of Dolmetsch's life was spent in the single-minded pursuit of a single idea, his ideal vision of fine old music, finely played on fine instruments, as far as possible in the way that the composer intended. As Dolmetsch once wrote:

Without musical instruments, Music could not exist. Their sounds, technique, limitations even, are the foundation and framework of Music. Their innumerable varieties, their transformations, are intimately connected with the musical ideas and fashions of all times and countries. This is true also of the human voice, for the singer unconsciously imitates the sounds of the instruments he hears. A Jacobean singer's voice and manner of singing did not resemble what we hear on the concert platforms, any more than the latter resembles a Hindu singer. The study of the Music of any period should, therefore, be based upon that of the instruments of the same period.

There is a noble simplicity in such beliefs. Dolmetsch's friends and his family were compressed willy-nilly to fit them—he was, after all, asking no more of them than he asked of himself. Doubt was alien to him; he knew, and that was the end of it. This enviable rightness sometimes made him wrong, just as it has made other geniuses wrong—for he was a genius, no less—and some of his mistakes were big ones. For instance, he once became interested in the musical fragments which are all that remain of the repertory sung in England during the fourteenth century. He wrote:

When I looked at the music I could make no sense of it. The chords produced by the combination of the three parts were so appalling that the most hardened ear could not stand them. This

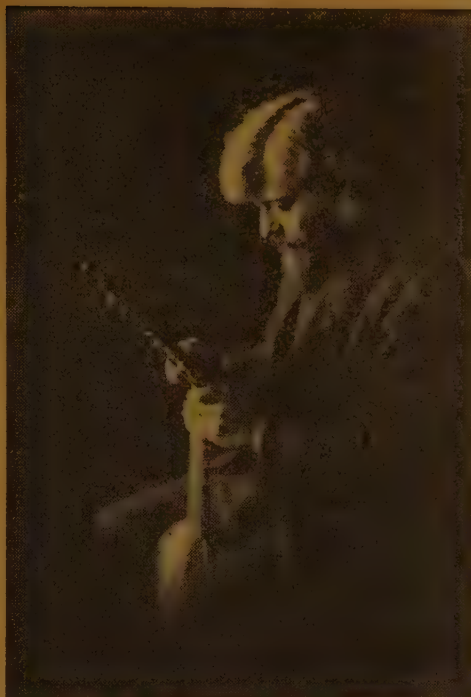
was late at night; I went to bed; it pursued me like a nightmare. Suddenly, on getting up, the solution flashed at me and I jumped for joy. . . .

Dolmetsch's solution to these 'appalling' dissonances was to remove most of the flats from the key-signature, and to perform the resulting music on voice, recorders, and viols. It then turned out to be, in his words, a 'pure, sweet composition'. I do not doubt that the same technique of removing most of the accidentals would work wonders even with Schönberg, especially if his music was re-scored for recorders and viols, but I do not know that the composer would have been very gratified by the results. The piece that gave Dolmetsch a sleepless night of bad dreams was a Gloria by 'Roy Henry', who may have been Henry V or perhaps his father Henry IV. His treatment of this piece is a warning to scholars not to trust ideas that come to them after a sleepless night.

The same criticisms may be made of his transcriptions of Pérotin's great organa. These works, contemporary with the building of Notre Dame in Paris, were composed for solo voices and organ—a very loud organ at that—with perhaps an occasional use of trombones and bells. But Dolmetsch was convinced that they were composed for a consort of rebecks; he was equally convinced that their notation could be correctly transcribed only in one way, his way; and he found their style 'reminiscent of the finest compositions of Couperin or Debussy'. Some of us must be allowed to disagree with so slap-happy an approach to the complex problems of medieval music.

But it is easy to poke fun at mistakes of this kind, easy to say 'why on earth didn't he ask someone's advice?', easy to decide that he ought to have known better. Part of the fascination of studying this man's life and work lies in his doggedness, his obstinacy, his wild guesses. Without these qualities (for I cannot consider them to be defects), no musician and no musical scholar will ever get anywhere; with them, he will progress, even if on some occasions he bumps himself hard, and on others maddens his friends and admirers. No one today takes Dolmetsch's views on Roy Henry or Pérotin very seriously, any more than we consider Parry to have said all that can be said on the music of seventeenth-century England. Nor do we find Sir John Stainer's church music an indispensable part of worship today. It is other aspects of these men's work that we admire—Stainer's outstanding gifts as a musicologist, Parry's gifts as a teacher, Dolmetsch's abilities as a craftsman, a performer, and a scholar in the field he knew and loved best.

To reveal anything of his craftsmanship in a broadcast talk is impossible. But there are many instruments about that passed through his



Arnold Dolmetsch tuning a lute

From 'Arnold Dolmetsch', by Mabel Dolmetsch (Routledge)

hands, for repair, for restoration or for creation. He learned his craft as an instrument-maker in the old-fashioned and hard way, by apprenticeship, by experience first of all with bad instruments, by graduating later on to better ones, by the excitement of making reproductions, by the even greater pleasure of introducing this or that refinement overlooked by the craftsmen of the past: overlooked, perhaps, because they had tried it and found it unsatisfactory; but much more frequently overlooked because they had not the lathes and circular saws, the borers and shapers, the tools that only modern machines can provide.

Dolmetsch began with harpsichord- and clavichord-making; then came the recorders, for whose revival in our own time he and his family were almost wholly responsible; lastly, the viols and the lute, the rebeck and the baroque violin. Dolmetsch soon found that he could not do everything single-handed, and his period with the great American piano firm of Chickering enabled him to work with a first-class team of craftsmen under his direction. I have played on some of the fine instruments he made at this time, now upwards of fifty years old and mel-

lowing like harpsichords by Tschudi or Kirkman. His workshops at Haslemere came later; there many present-day makers of instruments, old and new, tried their wings, falteringly at first; and later these craftsmen flew their own way. That, after all, has been the way of all instrument-makers; we do not expect a Broadwood to be like a Tschudi, even though the first Broadwood learned his trade in Tschudi's workshop and married his employer's daughter.

I have not said much of Dolmetsch as a performer. I heard him play only once, when I was seventeen and he was over eighty. It was in the Hall of the Artworkers' Guild in Bloomsbury. How musty such a phrase as 'Artworkers' Guild' can sound to our brisk ears, how little we can admire the work of men like William Morris, however often we are assured that it is of such historical importance. Yet the background to Dolmetsch's work during the last fifteen years of the nineteenth century is stitched

with such figures as Morris—figures like Arthur Symonds, Cecil Rhodes, Eleanor Duse, Gabriele d'Annunzio, W. B. Yeats, Mrs. Patrick Campbell, and that discerning music critic, Bernard Shaw. Little of all this tapestry survived in 1938, when I heard Dolmetsch play a piece or two on the lute; I wish I could say that the experience was unforgettable. I cannot; though the fault, I suspect, is largely mine. But Dolmetsch was then past his prime as a player, as I think he would have said himself. There are a few records of him made during these last years of his life, but everyone I agreed that they do not do him justice.

I have spoken of Dol-



Craftsmen in the Dolmetsch workshops at Haslemere: left, removing a lute shell from a mould; right, stringing a minstrel's harp

metzsch's achievement as a craftsman and as a player. In both these fields he had virtually no living tradition to help him, and few documents. No early writers wrote books on how to make violins or harpsichords; the measured drawings in the treatises of Mersenne or Praetorius teach one nothing that could not be better learned from examination of a surviving instrument; and even this will not reveal why the maker did this or that, or why he chose to do it in one way rather than in another. Only long experience in making instruments can help to answer such questions, and even then the answers will not always be complete.

The problems confronting Dolmetsch as a scholar were of a still different kind. There are plenty of seventeenth- and eighteenth-century books that purport to show how to play music in a stylish manner, how to finger, how to execute a trill, how to extemporise from a figured bass. Too much information, in fact, not too little; and the difficulty for the student is to learn how to tell good information from bad, how to find the centres of this territory, and which way to go once the centres are found. When Dolmetsch began to compile his book on interpretation, few of these original sources were available in modern editions, and all of them were rare. We live in an age of photostats, microfilms, facsimiles, critical editions, translations, and all the rest of it; it is hard to think ourselves back fifty years to a time when such things were virtually unknown. To help to clear his own mind, Dolmetsch decided to group most of his material by class, rather than—as in Dannreuther's book on ornamentation—by author. That is to say, Dolmetsch assembled in one and the same chapter all the then available information about keyboard fingering, for example, and he set it down in a roughly chronological order. For self-instruction such a method is admirable: but for instructing others it has many snags. By the time you have read about all the possible ways of playing a trill during three centuries or so of music-making, you are likely to feel blinded by science and in a mood for a foxtrot rather than an allemande. I think this is a criticism that must be made of Dolmetsch's book, valuable though it is. In order to play a single piece by, let us say, Couperin, it is necessary to search almost every chapter of his book for relevant information, and this is not good teaching. Moreover, books, like diaries, need bringing up to date. Much has been discovered since Dolmetsch wrote; and he was never in touch with the main currents of scholarly research, with the result that he did not always look in the right places for good informa-

tion. By temperament he was impatient and impetuous; that often means intolerant as well, and he was not without a certain disdain for people who were musicologists and nothing else. It is easy to follow his reasoning, for we encounter the results often enough today. Without experience in music-making, musicology seems to wither; without the pruning that scholarship alone can give, performance has a habit of running riot.

Dolmetsch knew as well as anyone that music has this double face—is bound to have it, in fact, so long as we persist in our curious tail-eating habits of preferring old music to new. Dolmetsch also knew that one life is all too short a time in which to make much of a mark on the world, and he had a living to earn, a family to rear, whole hedges of prejudice to cut down. He chose his own ways and his own weapons against those hedges. His weapons would not—could not—have been my choice or yours, but then we today have a different landscape to try to keep in order, and he was one of many people who brought this about.

I have talked of his life—briefly, for a man's life embraces his family, and no public stranger should enter such a domain when wife and children still live and flourish—I have talked of his aims; and I have tried to define something of his achievement, of his hits and his misses. I have talked, too, of his skill as a craftsman, as a performer and as a scholar. I have tried to show something of the uniqueness of his talents; something of his training in music. What of the time in which he lived? Too vast a field to enter so late in a talk; but by his time I mean those fortunate chances he had of meeting the right people at the right time, people who could help him with publicity, with generosity, with willingness to learn, with love. People like George Bernard Shaw, whose enthusiastic concert notices first drew public attention to this strange young musician with a foreign accent; people like the late Mr. Whittall or Marco Pallis, who sheltered the Dolmetsch flame more than once when it was flickering, and who have also placed many younger musicians in their debt by generous acts; people like Gerald Hayes or Robert Donington, who lit their torches at that flame; and people like Mrs. Mabel Dolmetsch, who for so many years was the very heart of the fire, until finally in 1940 it was extinguished. She lives on still, and I have thought of her often when I was preparing this talk. I hope she may feel with me that the pattern trodden by a man who was her partner in so much of life's dance will not easily be obliterated.—*Third Programme*

Law in Action

The Servant on the Bicycle

By H. J. B. COCKSHUTT

IF you must run into something, pick something cheap'. These words, or something like them, are said to have been spoken by Lord Westbury, a Lord Chancellor of the eighteenth-sixties, when his coachman lost control of his horses and it was clear that some damage was going to be caused. The point in the Lord Chancellor's mind was obvious enough: that he as master would have to pay for the damage caused by the coachman as his servant. But there must be some limit to the cases where a master has to pay for the wrongs of his servant: he cannot reasonably be held responsible for every wrongful act whensoever and howsoever committed. If a householder by an excess of enthusiasm on Guy Fawkes' Night were to burn down his neighbour's house, no one would seriously suggest that the householder's employers should pay for the fire merely because he happened to be employed by them during his working day. Where, then, is the line to be drawn?

This is an old question, and every lawyer knows of the skill that judges, as well as others, have shown in avoiding a definite answer, whatever the context in which the question arises. Sometimes the answer to the question 'Where is the line to be drawn?' is, 'It is always a question of degree'. Again: 'The process of drawing the line is . . . gradual'. Yet again: 'Though you cannot draw the precise line, you can say on which side of the line this

particular case falls'. In short, then, it is sometimes difficult to say whether a particular case is or is not one where the master must accept responsibility for the wrong done by his servant. Most cases are clear enough, but there is an indeterminate no-man's land.

This may be illustrated by recent litigation concerning the misdoings of a servant on a bicycle¹. One November afternoon in 1954, a miner employed by a colliery was crossing a motor-omnibus park which formed part of the colliery premises when he was run into by a pedal cycle ridden by another employee of the colliery. The employee on the bicycle was the first-aid man at the colliery: his only work was to give first-aid to men who got injured, and he had finished his actual work in the morning of that November day. Indeed, he had returned home, and merely went back in the afternoon so as to draw his wages. When the collision took place, he was cycling from the time office, where he had obtained his time sheet, to the general office for his wages, and the accident was caused solely by his negligence. Most unfortunately the injuries to the miner were serious, and he died of them on the following day. The question was, were the employers of the first-aid man on the bicycle—in other words, the National Coal Board—responsible for the cyclist's negligence and so liable to pay damages to the miner's widow?

Before giving the Court's answer to this question, it may be useful to mention another recent case of personal injuries being caused by the negligence of an employee at a moment when he was not engaged in his actual work². A lorry driver who had set out on a four-hour journey in the early hours of a June morning stopped in the course of it to get a cup of tea. This break was in accordance with his practice and that of other drivers; this practice was known to his employers and impliedly sanctioned by them. The driver, having dismounted from his lorry, was walking across the road to get to a *café* on the other side when he collided with a motor-cyclist. It was not in dispute that he was in part to blame for the collision, so again the question arose: were his employers responsible for his negligence and thus themselves liable to pay damages to the injured motor-cyclist?

The Master's Liability

The general rule in such cases may be stated quite simply. In the words of *Salmond on Torts*: 'A master is jointly and severally liable for any tort committed by his servant while acting in the course of his employment'³. The question is thus what is meant by 'acting in the course of his employment'. *Salmond* explains that the servant's wrongful act is deemed to be done in the course of his employment 'if it is either (1) a wrongful act authorised by the master, or (2) a wrongful and unauthorised mode of doing some act authorised by the master'⁴. This latter statement has stood the test of time: for example, it was cited with approval by a Lord Justice in 1927⁵ and then again by a High Court Judge in 1948⁶. Thus in our two cases everything turns on the second limb of this rule: was the negligence of the first-aid man when cycling to draw his wages and of the lorry driver when walking across the road to get his cup of tea 'a wrongful and unauthorised mode of doing some act authorised by the master'?

As to the first-aid man on the bicycle, it was argued for the employers that as his full-time employment was to give first-aid to men who got injured, collecting his pay was not a mode of doing his work—that going to draw his money was a matter for himself alone quite apart from his work. Finemore, J., however, would have none of such arguments. Questions of this sort, he said, had to be approached in a common-sense and realistic way. It was in the interest of the employer that a workman should receive his wages and receive them at a convenient place and time. This last point was material because the afternoon on which the first-aid man was going to the pay office was one of the particular times when the employers required their employees to call there. The collision occurred when the servant was actually on his employer's premises and was going to the place which his employer had said was the place to which he was required to go to draw his wages. Thus it would be 'a very unreal and strange state of affairs if he was no longer in the course of his employment'⁷. It was accordingly held that the employers were liable for the servant on the bicycle.

It is interesting to note that a slight difference in the facts might have led to the contrary result. As the Judge pointed out, it is a matter of degree and there has got to be a limit. In the Judge's words, when the first-aid man was 'off the premises—for example, when he was on the Queen's highway on the way to his place of employment to get his wages—it could be argued, I should think with success, that he was not in the course of his employment; but that is not for me to decide'⁸. If and when it does become necessary to decide it, pretty problems may arise. Suppose that the servant sets out from home on his bicycle to visit his place of work and there to draw his pay. Apparently he is only in the course of employment when he reaches the employer's premises. When he goes through the factory gates, there is an instant of time when the front wheel of the bicycle is on the employer's premises but the back wheel is still on the highway. Is one to enquire, then, whether the victim's injuries were inflicted by the front wheel or the back wheel? Such a nice distinction would hardly be 'a common-sense and realistic' approach to the problem.

It is noteworthy that no mention was made of the point that the first-aid man was proceeding to the pay office by bicycle rather than on foot. Presumably his use of a bicycle was authorised. Had his authority from the employers been merely to walk to the pay office, riding there on a bicycle might perhaps have been outside

the course of his employment. A well-known treatise on the Law of Master and Servant⁹ contains this passage:

It is clear that a master is not liable if his servant chooses to perform his duties in an unauthorised way, unless the way chosen falls within his implied authority. Thus, an errand boy, whose duty it is always to go his errands on foot, may fall to the temptation of riding his own or a borrowed bicycle to save himself the labour or dullness of walking. Should he then by negligent riding injure a pedestrian, the latter has no right of action against the master; for although the lad was upon his master's business, he had no authority to use a bicycle.

In support of this passage, the learned author cites an unreported decision of the Liverpool Court of Passage in 1932¹⁰, and also a dictum of Fletcher Moulton, L.J.¹¹ uttered in 1911:

So soon as it is clear that this mode of locomotion is permitted by the master, the workman in adopting it is acting within the scope of his employment.

The cases, then, often turn on nice distinctions, and indeed the Master of the Rolls commenced his judgment in one of them by observing that the principle underlying the master's responsibility for his servant is 'not difficult to state but by no means always easy to apply'¹². It is often said that the issue 'is in every case an issue of fact' but even this has been disputed: 'this is not so: judges have devised certain principles of law which must be applied . . .'¹³. A well-known students' textbook¹⁴ states that is a question partly of law and partly of fact. The truth, perhaps, is that the question is one for a jury—assuming, that is, that there is a jury—acting upon the direction of the judge as to general principles.

But, in dealing with the first-aid man on the bicycle, I have left for too long the lorry driver who was crossing the road on foot for a cup of tea when he collided with a motor-cyclist. Were his employers liable for his negligence? He was doing something which his employers knew their drivers did, and did reasonably. It was therefore argued that in crossing the road to get refreshment for his own purposes he was doing an act incidental to his employment and therefore that his employers were responsible for his act of negligence in the process. But Pilcher, J., would not have this. The driver, he pointed out, was in no sense of the word employed to cross the road. 'Even though employed at the time on his master's business and permitted to do what he did in crossing the road to get refreshment, he was a stranger to his master from the moment when he left the lorry'¹⁵. Thus the employers of the lorry driver were held not responsible for his negligence while on foot.

Once again, the slightest change in the facts might have led to a different result. Suppose he had crossed the road to ask the way? Or to get a tin of petrol to put in the lorry? Probably he would have been within the course of employment in both these examples, but the learned Judge, who put forward the examples in his judgment, merely said that it was interesting to enquire, and might be very difficult to resolve, what the position would be in such cases. Naturally, he would not answer hypothetical problems: 'Those are all matters which may fall on one side or the other of the line'.

The Butcher's Boy and his Dinner Hour

Of course, somewhat similar problems have arisen before. Some years ago now, a butchers' delivery boy took his employers' cycle, with their permission, so as to ride home in his dinner hour for his meal, and knocked someone down during his journey. The Court of Appeal, reversing the decision reached at first instance with a common jury, held that the employers were not liable. Under the Shops Acts, employers had no power to say how a servant should use his dinner hour. The boy was using the cycle for his own purposes, and not doing something in the course of his employers' business.¹⁶

The result, then, differed in the two cases with which we started. In going to draw his wages, the first-aid man was acting within the course of his employment; in crossing the road to a *café*, the lorry driver was not. The employers of the first-aid man were thus liable, but not the employers of the lorry driver. There is, indeed, a line to be drawn between the two cases; yet just what that line is, in these and other cases, is often rather hard to see.

Whenever fine lines have to be drawn, the question arises whether it is necessary to draw the line at all. No line would be needed, for example, if the law were that a master is liable for all wrongs committed by his servant, whether or not in the course of his employment. Nor, to go to the other extreme, would any line be needed if a master were held responsible for none of the wrongs of his servant. Yet either rule would produce practical consequences that would be unthinkable in the modern world. The first would expose a master to unlimited liability for the wildest acts of folly or disobedience; the second would leave the victim with nothing save a remedy against the servant who could not pay. Under present conditions, then, some test such as 'course of employment' seems inevitable.

Yet what is the true basis of the employer's vicarious liability for wrongs committed by a servant in the course of his employment? In the first place, it is clear that there is no notion that a master is protecting his own servant by assuming responsibility for his servant's wrongs in the course of the servant's employment. This is not the basis at all. This is made plain not only by the fact that the servant himself also is liable, but by the further fact that, as the House of Lords has recently affirmed,¹⁷ a master who has to pay for his servant's wrongs can call upon his servant to repay him. An interesting passage from *Winfield on Tort*¹⁸ shows how difficult it is to find a satisfactory basis. The passage reads as follows:

A scientific reason for the rule is hard to find. It seems to be based on a mixture of ideas—that a master can usually pay, while the servant cannot; that a master must conduct his business with due regard to the safety of others; that the master profits from the servant's employment, and that by employing the servant has 'set the whole thing in motion'. The rule would be an intolerable burden on the master but for the fact that he often covers his risk by insurance.

These last words have their own significance: the employer adds to his overheads by insuring against the risk, and the cost is inevitably reflected in his charges for the goods or services which he provides. Thus, in the long run, the public pays. Another reason that has been put forward is that vicarious liability will encourage a master to maintain higher standards of conduct in the running of his business. This may sound plausible, but it sometimes becomes an absurdity when considered in the light of specific instances of liability. For example, what higher standard of conduct would have ensured that a carter, while going home to dinner, would not strike the boy whom he believed to be stealing sugar from a passing lorry of his employers? Yet the employers were liable for the boy's injuries, because a servant has implied authority to protect his master's property, and the blow, although somewhat excessive, was not sufficiently so as to make it outside the course of employment.¹⁹ Conversely, higher standards of conduct in the running of a business might well ensure that a driver did not take

a lorry off during working hours for his own purposes, yet it is clear that 'if he was going on a frolic of his own, without being at all on his master's business, the master will not be liable'.²⁰

Sometimes a master is held liable in circumstances which may arouse sympathy for him. It is established that if a servant's wrong is otherwise within the course of his employment, it is not taken outside it by the fact that it amounts also to a crime, nor by the fact that it was committed purely for the servant's own benefit.²¹ The House of Lords dispelled, many years ago, the old belief that it was necessary, in order to make the master liable, that the servant should have committed the tort 'for the master's benefit'.²² Equally, the fact that the servant's act has been expressly forbidden by the master does not of itself take outside the course of employment an act otherwise within it.²³ This may seem hard, but it is just. It would never do if a master, by the simple expedient of warning his men, 'Now, boys, no torts today', could thereby escape responsibility for their wrongs during that day.

If one single reason had to be given in justification of a master's vicarious liability for his servant's tort, it would probably be that the matter is one not of logic but of policy. Somebody should pay, and who else but the master? Whatever the reason for it may be, the rule is well established and it would be unthinkable that it should be abolished and the master's liability confined to cases where there is some personal fault in him. Further, borderline cases are the exception rather than the rule, and it would be wrong to pay undue attention to them. In the words of Lord Finlay:

No enquiry is more idle than one which is devoted to seeing how nearly the facts of two cases come together. The use of case is for the propositions of law they contain; and it is no use to compare the special facts of one case with the special facts of another for the purpose of endeavouring to ascertain what conclusion you ought to arrive at in the second case.²⁴

In short, then, and whatever the reason for it, the rule is clear: a master must pay for the servant's wrongs in the course of employment. Further, there seems to be no escape from the test of 'course of employment'. But whether the rule is always ethically sound is perhaps a different matter.—*Third Programme*

¹ *Staton v. National Coal Board*, [1957] 1 W.L.R. 893; [1957] 2 All E.R. 667.
² *Crook v. Derbyshire Stone, Ltd.*, [1956] 1 W.L.R. 432; [1956] 2 All E.R. 447.
³ Twelfth edition (1957) page 99. ⁴ *Ibid*, page 113. ⁵ *Banks, L.J. in Poland v. Parr (John) and Sons*, [1927] 1 K.B. 236, 240. ⁶ *Hilbery, J., in Warren v. Henlys, Ltd.*, [1948] 2 All E.R. 935, 937. ⁷ [1957] 1 W.L.R. at page 897. ⁸ *Ibid*. ⁹ *Batt's Law of Master and Servant*, 4th edn., pages 259, 260. ¹⁰ *Teerick v. Taylor and Sons* (decision of Sir W. F. K. Taylor). ¹¹ *Pierce v. Provident Clothing Coy.*, [1911] 1 K.B. at page 1002. ¹² *Evershed, M.R., in L.C.C. v. Cattermoles (Garages) Ltd.*, [1953] at page 998. ¹³ *Street's Law of Torts*, page 448. ¹⁴ *Underhill's Law of Torts*. ¹⁵ [1956] 1 W.L.R. at page 436. ¹⁶ *Higbid v. R. C. Hammett, Ltd.* (1932), 49 T.L.R. 104. *Bingham's Motor Claims Cases*, 3rd edn., page 67. ¹⁷ *Lister v. Romford Ice and Cold Storage, Ltd.*, [1957] 2 W.L.R. 158; [1957] 1 All E.R. 125. ¹⁸ Sixth edition, pages 138, 139. ¹⁹ *Poland v. Parr (John) and Sons*, [1927] 1 K.B. 236. ²⁰ Compare *Storey v. Ashton* (1869), L.R. 4 Q.B. 476. ²¹ *Lloyd v. Grace, Smith and Co.*, [1912] A.C. 716. ²² *Ibid*. ²³ *Limpus v. L.G.O.C.* (1862), 1 H. & C. 526. ²⁴ *Thomson v. Inland Revenue* 1919 S.C. (H.L.) 1, at 10.

The Story of Bwana Brenti

By JOHN SEYMOUR

IN 1939 an African Game Scout found forty dead buffaloes near a river in Northern Rhodesia. To any ordinary person it was obvious that the buffaloes had died from drinking fish poison—which the people round about there put in rivers sometimes to kill the fish. But to the experts of the Northern Rhodesian Veterinary Department nothing seems simple. They decided it must be rinderpest.

The Luangwa Valley, where the dead beasts were found, is perhaps the richest buffalo country in Africa, and it runs like a corridor from near the Tanganyika border in the north, to the Zambezi Valley in the south. Rinderpest is a disease of cattle, which at that time was common in Tanganyika, but absent in Southern Rhodesia and the Union of South Africa. The practically cattle-free land of north-eastern Rhodesia had acted as a barrier to stop it coming south. But if it did come south, it would

practically wipe out the cattle population of South Africa, for the cattle there had no immunity to it. And if it got into the buffalo herds of the Luangwa Valley it would be conducted southwards like electricity along a wire.

I was a government livestock officer at the time—a very humble thing to be. I was hoping for my release so that I could go and join the army and make a lot of money and have a nice time. But no; I was summoned to Mazabuka—the Veterinary Department headquarters—because of the rinderpest scare. I flew down from Mongu, in Barotseland. It was the first time I had travelled in an aeroplane over Africa. Central Africa looks terrifying from the air—there is too much of it and it is too empty. Bush fires were everywhere the day I flew over it; the fires made advancing semi-circles of flame like the semi-circles that sometimes creep over the soot at the back of a chimney.

There were fires all over the landscape and even in the aeroplane one could smell smoke.

At Mazabuka I was told to collect a van, drive to a place called Petauke in north-eastern Rhodesia, and from there make a complete survey of the wild game in an area of the Luangwa Valley which was about as big as England south of the Thames.

It took me three days to drive to Petauke, and there the District Commissioner handed over to me a *ulendo*, as it was called, of forty porters—mostly men of the Bansenja tribe. They were to carry food and camping equipment. A porter eats his own load in a month, and we were to be away for three months, mostly far from inhabited country, where we would not be able to replenish our meal very often. Besides the forty porters there were four Game Scouts—Africans employed by the Game Department—and an old gentleman named Saidi who was said to know the country.

Genesis of an Elephant Hunter

I immediately took to Saidi. He spoke a sort of English, and had a beautiful sense of humour and no sense of reverence. In his youth he had worked for slave traders, and he told me all about it. He even told me the graceless story of how he obtained his first muzzle-loading musket. He waited by the waterhole of a neighbouring tribe, grabbed a small girl when she came to get water and took her off to a passing *ulendo* of Arabs. They exchanged her for a musket, and Saidi became a great elephant hunter and had been one ever since. Even now that the British had come he enjoyed elephant hunting—the more so as it was illegal. For three months he stayed with my *ulendo*, and during that time he was my friend, philosopher, and guide.

For the first week we travelled through inhabited country, and there was little game. The odd waterbuck, reedbuck, an occasional wild pig—hardly enough to keep ourselves in meat. Then we struck west, off the high ground and down into the valley proper. It was flat country and all fairly thick forest, not sparse savanna like the rest of Northern Rhodesia. We learned what tsetse fly could be like. They bit our necks and wrists and shoulders until we nearly went mad. I had been inoculated against sleeping-sickness; the Africans I suppose were considered more expendable. The country was uninhabited—because of sleeping sickness—and that was why it was full of game. We saw roan, sable, eland, puku, impala, kudu, and a dozen other species of antelope. We saw herds of buffalo a hundred strong. Saidi and I followed buffalo through the twisting tunnels they make in thick bush. I can still remember the hot, cow-like smell in there and the excitement when the signs told us we were getting near. Treacherous, dangerous things, but if you have hunted them no other quarry ever seems quite worth while. As for elephants, I sat in front of my tent one morning having breakfast and watched a herd half a mile long crossing a river not 300 yards away. The valley was full of them.

I shot just enough buck and buffalo to keep us in meat and to have dried meat for trade. I used to send parties of porters off to the inhabited country with bundles of dried meat slung on poles and they would come back with loads of maize meal. It was a fine, piratical, sort of life. I loved the bush, in spite of the tsetse flies. I reflected how easy it would have been to have taken to the bush entirely, with no equipment except a good rifle, and cut oneself off finally and completely from a civilisation which seemed to become not only more vicious but sillier as time went on.

Deadly Countryside

I kept hearing about somebody called Bwana Brenti. Bwana Brenti was a white man, it seemed, and lived in his own village on the further bank of the Luangwa. Sleeping sickness is a strange disease, and leaves pockets inexplicably free in otherwise deadly country. I have seen the rotting remains of villages where people had thought an area was free, moved in, and been hit. I have seen living skeletons in villages near the valley. But Saidi's village was right on the bank of the Luangwa, in what one would have thought was the heart of the deadliest area, and no one there had ever been attacked. And this man I kept hearing about—Bwana Brenti—he lived not far from Saidi.

I kept trying to find out about him. He shoots elephants, said

Saidi: forty a year, although he has a licence for only eight. He employs an ivory turner to turn the excess tusks into bangles, which he trades with other villages. 'Why doesn't he get caught?' I asked. 'He's clever', said Saidi. 'Not like other white men'. Did he ever go out of the valley? 'Never', said Saidi. He was married to a Msenga girl under Bansenja tribal custom. If he stood behind a bush and spoke Chinsenga, which is the language of the Bansenja, a Msenga man would not know it was a white man, he spoke so perfectly. He made up poetry and songs in Chinsenga. Was he perhaps a man of mixed race? No, said Saidi. He was a pure white man and his father was a colonel. It is hard to find out about a man of your own race by questioning people of another. They do not notice the little things about him that we would notice: such as, did he wear an old school tie.

During the weeks that we spent wandering round the floor of that valley, that steam-heated, bosky wilderness, I kept wondering in my mind what sort of a man this Bwana Brenti was. I kept asking Saidi things about him. I was intrigued. He was a headman, Saidi said: a chief even, though of course the D.C. did not recognise him. He was a great hunter. When at home he read books. The girl he had married was a great chief's daughter. He was young—younger than I was.

One day a Game Scout came in and said he had met a wild-honey seeker, and this man had told him that a white man was in the vicinity, hunting. We suspected Bwana Brenti. I was afraid we might find him elephant poaching—not that it would have worried me, but my Scouts belonged to the Game Department and would report him. I packed them off in the other direction and headed myself towards where the white man had been reported. But we found no white man. Only the carcass of an elephant, from the hole in the belly of which emerged perhaps half a score of vultures. We came to Saidi's village and rested there a week. It was on the bank of the broad, coffee-coloured, swift-flowing Luangwa, and we ate cat fish, meat galore, chicken and eggs. There was enough beer brewed for an army. We never looked back.

Visit to an Englishman

After a few days of this I decided to leave my porters and go on a little *ulendo* of my own. Saidi said he would come with me. We crossed the great river by canoe in the early morning and during that day walked forty miles to the northward. We went to Bwana Brenti's village. We found it different from other Bansenja villages. The fields round it were of regular shapes and better cultivated, and with a greater variety of crops. The village itself was clean. The houses were well laid out and well built, and most of them had windows. There were two big houses: one—rectangular—obviously a village hall; and the other—a conglomeration of round huts, but joined together and interconnecting—Bwana Brenti's house. A boy took us to it and we went in.

The living-room was strangely shaped because it was made of three abutting circles. It was beautiful inside, in a savage sort of way. On the floor were lion and zebra skins, the walls were hung with spears and shields and local carving, the rough furniture was upholstered with various skins such as leopard and jackal. A very young Englishman—looking like a member of an undergraduate exploring party—sat in a chair reading a book. Definitely public school. He shouted to a boy to bring some coffee. He called for his wife, and a beautiful girl came into the room carrying a baby. The baby looked—well, just like a baby: brown, of course. The girl was not only beautiful but charming and intelligent. She was shy with me at first, but then began to talk in quaint English, and said how glad she was to be able to practise with somebody else the English that her husband had taught her. I could see she worshipped Brent, and it was delightful to see the respect with which he treated her. As for his baby—I have never seen a father so ridiculously proud.

I spent three days with Jim Brent and his family. I found I was welcome and I have never enjoyed staying with a family more. They were so charming together. Jim told me his life story. It was simple enough: father a retired Indian Army officer but—unlike most of the breed—a bore. I have found most retired Indian Army officers charming and cultured men. Jim had spent

(continued on page 409)

NEWS DIARY

February 26-March 4

Wednesday, February 26

Two-day debate on defence opens in Commons

General Council of T.U.C. condemns 'partisan' nature of the Cohen Report on prices, productivity, and incomes

The Government is to appoint an inter-departmental committee to inquire into artificial insemination

Thursday, February 27

President Bourguiba of Tunisia suggests in a broadcast that the Western Powers should intervene to stop the fighting in Algeria

Thirty-five people killed in an air crash in Lancashire

Two police officers are found guilty in Brighton conspiracy trial

Friday, February 28

Secretary of Labour Party sends letter to all the local parties about danger of 'Victory for Socialism' group creating a party within the party

Three leading officials at Sadler's Wells theatre resign as protest at proposal to amalgamate Sadler's Wells and Carl Rosa opera companies

Transport Commission rejects claim by 120,000 railway engineering workers for higher pay and shorter working week

Saturday, March 1

Soviet Government proposes meeting of Foreign Ministers to prepare for a 'summit' conference

President Eisenhower's doctors say that he has completely recovered from his recent illness

Sunday, March 2

Dr. Vivian Fuchs and his party complete journey across Antarctica after ninety-nine days

Greek Government resigns

Fighting continues between Indonesian Government forces and rebels in Sumatra

Monday, March 3

Commons debates the Rent Act

To help unemployed colleagues, 1,500 dockers decide to ban overtime

Minister of Transport inaugurates work on first part of Ross Spur motorway linking the Midlands and South Wales

Tuesday, March 4

Mr. Dulles makes statement on Russian proposals for 'summit' conference

Mr. Robert Murphy, American 'good offices' negotiator in Franco-Tunisian dispute, sees Mr. Selwyn Lloyd

Labour Party leaders meet members of 'Victory for Socialism' group at House of Commons



Dr. Vivian Fuchs enjoying a meal in the warmth of the mess-hut at Scott Base last Sunday after he and his team had reached the end of their 2,000-mile journey across the Antarctic continent. Among the many messages of congratulation sent to Dr. Fuchs was one from the Queen, who has also signified her intention of conferring a knighthood on him



Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother inspected a team of Australian life-savers who attended a carnival given by the Surf Savers Association at Manly beach, S recently. Her Majesty is due to return from her tour of Australia and New Zealand on March 10

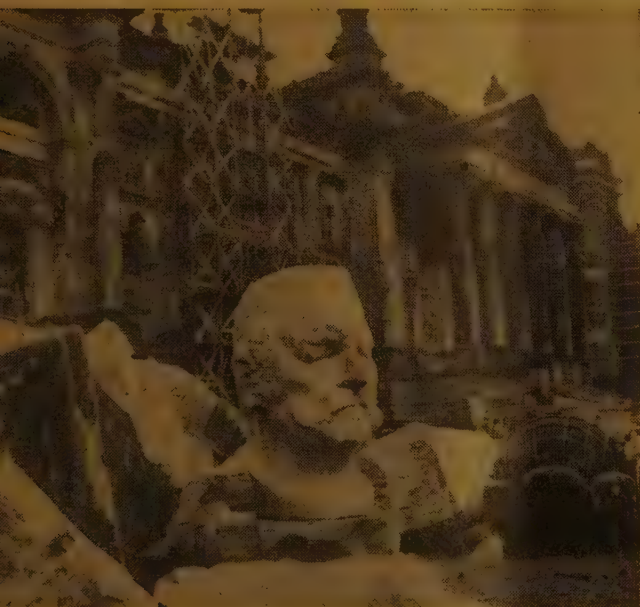


Plans were announced last week for the re-erection by the Ministry of Works of a trilithon and three other at Stonehenge. The trilithon (consisting of two uprights and a lintel) fell at the end of the eighteenth century. The above engraving, made in the late seventeenth century, it can be seen (centre) in its original position. Below: a photograph showing the stones of the fallen trilithon (left centre)





A photograph taken from the air showing a long line of vehicles marooned on the Woodhead Pass, between Manchester and Sheffield, during last week's blizzard. In some parts of the country conditions were the worst for ten years: over 100 main roads were blocked and trains between London and Scotland were running up to eleven hours late



of the German Reichstag, in the western sector of Berlin, on which rebuilding has begun: February 27 was the twenty-fifth anniversary of the burning by the Nazis. Standing amongst the rubble is a bust of President von Hindenburg



An improvised footbridge for pedestrians in the town of St. Goarshausen, Germany. Many streets there were flooded when the Rhine overflowed its banks after last week's snow and rain



Left: a Labrador bitch in Melbourne, Australia, and an orphaned baby kangaroo which she has reared with her own litter



Have you ever been lost for words when a host presses you for an opinion about his wine? To many wine lovers the well-turned phrase, the apt literary allusion, the revelation of wine-wisdom, gives as much pleasure as the wine itself—and if you want to land another glassful you've got to have the right bait.

I've got it. It's a little book entitled 'Oenophilia', full of periphrastic pleonasms for people who are anxious to camouflage their ignorance of zymase, must, the solera system and other oenological mysteries. For example, it advocates the use of 'O for a beaker full of the warm south' as an alternative to 'Phew, I could do with a drink'. Again, it suggests that a wine is more winningly described as having a 'purple robe just hemmed by Time with autumn leaves' tints, but showing no creases nor any sign of wear', rather than when it is prosaically labelled 'A drop of all right'.

'Oenophilia' abounds with such gems, guaranteed to warm any connoisseur's cockles, and no doubt it would be invaluable to authors of wine lists. But do these lyric phrases whet the palate for wine as effectively as they tickle the fancy? Frankly, no. There's no substitute for a glass of the wine itself. That is why I forbear to wax lyrical about Mackenzie's Sherry. Unless you've tasted it, anything I could say about Mackenzie's Sherry might sound like rodomontade. It's superb, it's delicious, it's—oh, it's 'top olé'. Do try a bottle and see if you agree with me.

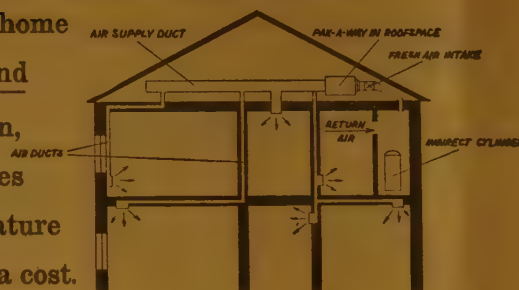


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(continued from page 405)

his childhood with the Bansenga children on the farm, had then gone to England to school, had come out and spent a year roaming about in the bush, his father had then got him a job in a government office in Salisbury. What is known as a good job. Jim stuck a month of the good job, then walked out, struck north into the bush, came to the Zambezi, crossed it, arrived at his father's home in the middle of one night, burgled his own room and took his two rifles. With them, and an African friend, he walked through the bush to the Luangwa Valley. 'And I've been here ever since', he said. 'I never intend to leave it. It's all the world I want to see'.

'What about the war?' I asked.
'If the Germans want me, they can come and look for me here', he said. 'I shall be ready for them'.
His economy was simple. From the outside world he wanted books and cartridges, and his licence to shoot eight elephants a year. Every so often he sent a few men in to Fort Jameson carrying ivory, to sell this at the store and buy what he wanted: and get his mail, for he had books sent from England. He farmed his village

lands well, fed his people well, and there were always applicants to come and live in his village, under his headmanship. I asked him if he did not miss English people and he answered, rather priggishly, that he preferred the company of Fielding and Swift to that of Fort Jameson tobacco growers. He also liked the company of the tribal Africans, as most people do if they ever take the trouble to learn their language well enough really to understand it. 'I shall never leave this valley', he said.

He did, though.
A year afterwards I happened to be in Torr's Hotel, Nairobi. I had just come down from O.C.T.U. and had brand-new pips on my shoulders and a Sam Browne belt. I thought I was a pretty remarkable fellow. I saw a group of people, laughing and talking and drinking, and one of them was Jim Brent. He was an officer in the Northern Rhodesia Regiment.
'A lot of the Bansenga joined up', he said, 'and at last I thought I ought to go with them'.
'How's Mulita?' I asked, when we were alone. Mulita was his wife.
His eyes lit up. He pulled out his wallet and showered me with photographs. 'We're going to have another baby!' he said. 'Look! There's

young Jim-Kiponda—with our tame steenbuck'.
'You'll never go back', I said. 'You'll go English. You're caught up in all this now. You'll marry a F.A.N.Y.'.
'Mulita's my loyalty', he said. 'Not this rubbish. I've built up a kingdom in the valley—and I'm not going to abdicate from it. I'm going to bring my kids up as good Bansenga—but give them what's best of English education as well. That's the sort of thing Africa wants. Not white settlers and black imitation whites'. I wondered. The ties of race are strong.
I met him again, five years later, in Calcutta. Apparently the war was going on for ever. 'I'm married', he told me.
'Of course', I said.
'No, no', he said. 'Married properly—to an English girl. Barbara. You must meet her. Met her up at Rhani'. I didn't say anything. 'Oh, Mulita's all right', he said. 'I've done right by her. Sent her a hundred pounds. That's a fortune to them, you know. She'll be able to bring the kids up well on that. She understands. She's gone back to her father. He's a chief, you know'.
I often wonder what happened to Mulita and the two babies. I suppose they got on all right.
—Home Service

Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

The White Paper on Defence

Sir,—Sir Stephen King-Hall (THE LISTENER, February 27) takes me to task for suggesting the possibility of a conventional naval war, to supply Europe with food, at the end of a nuclear bombardment. But I added: 'Many will think such an idea unrealistic'.
Like Sir Stephen, I consider the idea utterly unrealistic; but neither he nor I can prove this, and we might both possibly be wrong. I understand the Nato authorities believe in the idea, as the nature of recent Allied naval exercises indicates.
Whether the idea is or is not realistic, no specific provision is being made to deal with it, because, as I pointed out, the Allied forces provided for peacetime and limited war requirements should be suitable for meeting the contingency should it arise.
I think that a study of my remarks on The White Paper on Defence (THE LISTENER, February 20) will show clearly my belief that conventional naval war will form no part of global war in the nuclear age.—Yours, etc.,
London, N.W.1 CHARLES DANIEL

Historical Imagination

Sir,—I venture to remark on your comment on Professor Trevor-Roper's illuminating talk published in THE LISTENER of February 27. I found his talk most stimulating, but I imagine in more orthodox quarters there will be a frown or two.
I am particularly impelled to write to you because of a sequence of events experienced through reading THE LISTENER. The trivia of

history are perhaps the very substance of history. This is particularly illustrated in Maurice Cranston's *Life of John Locke* which I read as a result of the author's gentle talk which you published. Here those troublous times live again. We feel what men thought: we understand the reasons for actions which documents could never reveal—a chance list of domestic articles, a comment about the poor, a letter about the American colonies, a glimpse of the emotions aroused by the famous *Essay*. This is the real stuff of history.
Those who come after Ranke and Acton must necessarily become more arid, more specialised until some future historian may be confined to a history of November 20, 1581 (which, I hasten to add, has no significance, as far as I know). This is admirable in a way but who will read it? And is not this a time to come out against the assailants of the great theorists such as Toynbee and Gibbon who surely exercised an intense imagination to provide hypotheses in an attempt to discover the principles of history?
You, Sir, in your learned leader are fearful of this new thing in history: you have your misgivings, and understandably so for imagination can give a false picture. Nevertheless, Professor Trevor-Roper may well be the hinge on which the study of history may swing to a more human and dynamic discipline.
Yours, etc.,
Gidea Park G. E. ASSINDER

Sir,—I regret that in the printed text of my broadcast on 'Historical Imagination' I left uncorrected two small but significant misprints. 'Nero and Trajan' is, of course, a misprint for

'Nerva and Trajan', 'the conquests of Israel' for 'the conquests of Islam'. 'Subject facts' is also a misprint for 'subsequent facts'.
Yours, etc.,
Oxford HUGH TREVOR-ROPER

An Asian on Asia

Sir,—Mr. Guerrero, in his 'An Asian on Asia' in THE LISTENER of February 20, complains that there are not enough bureaucrats in Asiatic countries and seems to imply that the relatively efficient administration of European countries is due to the abundance of them. We, however, do well to deplore the increase of bureaucracy, while perhaps admitting that with the growing complexity of modern industrial life it is a necessary evil. In the U.S.A., however, government officials often get a thin time, because it is the tradition there that officials hold office strictly at pleasure and must put up with being 'shot at' in return for their regular pay.
The American attitude towards officials is perhaps one that is proper in a true democracy where local communities are most vital and energetic at running their own affairs. For it is in local self-government that may be found the best and truest expression of the democratic spirit.
It is true that in 1948 India and Pakistan inherited a comparatively efficient Civil Service, and this is acknowledged often enough, but what is never remembered is the efforts we made to create local self-governing bodies. Those of us who worked in India will remember that District Boards and Municipal Boards were usually anti-British and nationalist and they were probably

supervised less by the Provincial Governments than our county and borough councils are by Whitehall. In addition to this, there was a great movement towards the re-creation of the village community of Hindu tradition. It was realised by some in our time, and it is now the foundation of that rural reconstruction which has been receiving a great deal of attention in certain parts of India, that nothing much can be done for such huge masses of peasantry unless the villages run their own affairs.

In Europe democracy grew from the local community and was never imposed by either despot or bureaucrat: the latter two, finding local independence inconvenient and inefficient, do all they can to discourage it. Surely other Asiatic countries besides India have traditions of local freedom which if properly nursed by an enlightened government would in future provide the stability and progress which bureaucratic and despotic government alone can never achieve. I hope that in the Philippines, the Americans tried to reproduce the communities of their home land. Perhaps if Mr. Guerrero would take a look at that aspect of his country, he would find more ground for encouragement than he can elsewhere.—Yours, etc.,

Alderney, C.I.

P. W. RADICE

For Love or Money?

Sir,—In his talk 'For Love or Money?' (printed in THE LISTENER of February 20) Mr. George Woodcock stated the problem of attracting suitable men to serve trade unions either as full-time paid officials or voluntarily: he saw the problem mainly as one of remuneration.

I found his talk interesting because, as an industrial educationist, I see the problem just as sharply but from an entirely different angle. Before the 1944 Education Act the elementary school body, from which trade-union membership was almost entirely drawn, contained a high proportion of young men of vigour and ability, kept out of the secondary schools by economic reasons. These men made a most distinguished contribution to the life of this country. Among other things this group produced practically the whole of the trade union leadership. But these 'lost souls' are no longer there in the modern schools.

The effect of the 1944 Education Act has been to remove these young men of promise and intelligence from the modern school to the grammar school or technical school, attendance at which is now free. This is a fact of the utmost importance: it is a fact which has been ignored by trade unionists. The industrial set-up is such that recruits are now drawn into the union occupations almost exclusively from modern schools—schools shorn of their most vigorous and intelligent elements. Mr. Woodcock and his colleagues would do well to ask where the intelligent leadership of the future is to come from.

Let us not under-estimate the difficulty for, in a very real sense, trade unionists do not choose their own members; they are chosen for them by the industrial managers. When a personnel manager is choosing apprentices he is choosing also the future members of the appropriate unions. The problem is not, therefore, as simple as it might at first appear.

There are several possibilities and of these the most desirable is that industrial managers and trade unionists should so adapt apprenticeship

as to make it possible for secondary grammar and technical school boys more easily to enter union occupations. Failing this I am sure that trade unions will have to fall back on less desirable alternatives such as appointing outsiders (university graduates in economics?) to fill their full-time posts.—Yours, etc.,

Grasscroft

JOHN WELLENS

The World and the Observer

Sir,—I am interested to know that 'Spoffkins' actually exists—at least in the mind of Mr. Stern. We have yet to be assured, however, that it is the same 'Spoffkins' which existed in the mind of Mr. McCracken. Mr. Stern says that attacks on Lord Russell's 'mutable philosophical positions' are not all religiously motivated, and this I am prepared to accept. But I still insist that they are more often than not so motivated, and when Mr. McCracken (unlike Mr. Stern) appeals to an anonymous authority one is justified in assuming that it is a theological one. Therefore Mr. McCracken and I remain in the lists with our differences unresolved by Mr. Stern's intervention.

As to whether the authorities cited by Mr. Stern discredit Lord Russell's position is a separate matter, and although I am acquainted with at least some of them (and still incline to Lord Russell's viewpoint) I would prefer to leave the discussion to the professional philosophers. The reason is that I write, not as a philosopher, but as a student of philosophical dialectics and as such am concerned less with what is said than with a person's motive for saying it.

In this capacity I would call attention to the now popular 'ploy' of 'patronising Russell'. Mr. McCracken says that Lord Russell's theories are 'crude and naive'—in fact addresses him from the *de haut* of one speaking with (anonymous) authority to the *en bas* of one relying solely on reasoned argument. On a lower level, this 'ploy' takes the form of a whispering campaign. Some person who claims acquaintance with Lord Russell, or with someone who does, will remark, 'Charming man, Bertie. So clever. But, of course, you know, he has dropped all those crude and naive ideas he used to have. And I shouldn't be at all surprised . . . !' But any stick to beat the 'impious' with.

Yours, etc.,

Cambridge

VICTOR PURCELL

In Defence of Victorian Architecture

Sir,—I need not assure you or your readers that I am in sympathy with anyone who takes Victorian architecture seriously and broadcasts about it without facetious asides. But Mr. Davies (THE LISTENER, February 20), in quoting me as believing in a 'collapse of aesthetic values' as one of the most characteristic features of Victorian architecture might have done me the honour to quote a little more than three words from a broadcast of 1951. He might for instance have quoted a little of what I wrote on his favourite St. Augustine, Kilburn Park, by Pearson: 'One of the best churches of its date in the whole of England . . . proud, honest, upright, spatially original and wholly successful', etc. Yet I think Mr. Davies is wrong in regarding St. Augustine, Kilburn, as more representative of Victorian architecture of the first order than Paddington Station. What he forgets is that Late Victorian is in many essentials

different from Early and High Victorian.

I maintain that in spite of such serious Late Victorians as Pearson and Bradley, the collapse of aesthetic values remains the most significant fact about the Early and High Victorian decades, and much of Late Victorian buildings as well. And as I have written about the collapse in some detail in *High Victorian Design* and other places, I need not repeat my arguments for Mr. Davies' benefit and at the expense of your valuable space.—Yours, etc.,

London, W.C.1

NIKOLAUS PEVSNER

The Spoken Word

Sir,—Why should 'the pleasure of listening to a selection of the favourite gramophone records of a celebrated boxer' be a 'harmless one' as Mr. K. W. Gransden puts in THE LISTENER of February 27, but listening to the favourite poems of someone equally unsure of his critical standards be thought so reprehensible? Surely, they are both equally blameworthy?

I have always thought that one of the greatest disservices to music performed by the B.B.C. was the broadcasting of the 'favourites' of some well-known personality, who admitted to being unmusical. There have been several programmes on these lines, and there is one at present which shows no signs of ending ('Desert Island Discs').

When Mr. K. W. Gransden points out that bad verse is often chosen in these 'Personal Choice' programmes, and continues: 'The danger here is that those whose reading is limited—especially the young—may go away thinking a bad poem is good because a famous man likes it; or even that there is no such thing as good or bad', his remarks would be even more forceful if applied to music, because people are in contact with more bad music than bad poetry, every day, without realising it.

Yours, etc.,

Cambridge

PETER H. GRIFFITHS

Artur Schnabel

Sir,—In the review in THE LISTENER, February 27, of the biography of Artur Schnabel your reviewer writes as follows:

Unlike Busoni who so tantalisingly stops just short of recorded music . . .

I wondered perhaps, if your reviewer admires Busoni, he or she would like to know of two recordings by Busoni of Bach's Prelude No. 1 and Fugue C major. I regret that both, with many other records, were stolen from my bombed home in Dulwich during the war. Fortunately I have a card index of most of my records but some are irreplaceable. The two records by Busoni were perfect; although it must be twenty years since I heard them played I can still remember the quality of the performance.

Yours, etc.,

Beckley

DOROTHY GARRATT

'The Iliad'

Sir,—A poignant little misprint in my letter last week struck at a particularly fragile link in the great epic chain. Richard Glover's poem celebrated the Spartan hero Leonidas, not 'Leonides'.—Yours, etc.,

B.B.C., London, W.1

D. S. CARNE-ROSS
Talks Department

Socialism in One Country

(continued from page 393)

on the work of their salaried employees. I for one have an almost unlimited admiration for anybody who can manage anything efficiently. But I admit that as the traditional party of manual labour, the Labour Party is not entirely uninhibited in this matter. I think the trouble arises from the extraordinary propensity to social snobbery which exists at all levels of English society. Because the salaried worker in this country is so anxious to differentiate himself from the manual worker socially, and, for example, unlike in American firms, always sets up his offices as far away from the factory floor as possible, the manual worker in return resents and even at times despises his technical and administrative leaders. To the extent that the Labour Party is in spirit mainly the party of the manual worker it reflects this attitude.

Many members of the middle classes have come to regard the Labour Party as their historical enemy, irrespective of the actual policies it pursues. Some such hostility is almost unavoidable, particularly among the vocational professions such as medicine, accountancy, and law. For some people in these professions are among the most class-conscious groups in the whole of our society. They are particularly anxious to defend positions which they, or their parents, have often only fairly recently won at the expense of considerable individual effort. The Labour Party to them is the advocate of the interests of the feckless and undeserving *Lumpenproletariat* for whom socialist policies appear to offer an endless variety of free lifts. The same applies even more forcibly to lower middle classes, to the clerk and the small shopkeeper. Such people might consider emigration, therefore, merely on the news of the election of a Labour Government.

I am not sure that things are necessarily quite the same in the case of scientists and engineers and even would-be industrial managers. They seem more open-minded, less class conscious, more prepared to judge things on their merits. They are well aware that social differentiation is one of the great English national pastimes, but seem more anxious to escape the game than to join in it. Indeed, I suggest that class restrictions are a major factor in causing them to emigrate at the present time. It could be, therefore, that some aspects of the Labour Party's programme for greater equality of educational and economic opportunity might even positively appeal to them.

Having said all this I do not want to suggest that straight politics of the more ordinary kind are not also important. After all, the only significant outbreak of what might really be described as emigration fever which has ever occurred in this country happened in connection with the Suez affair. Was this because many young people thought that the consequences of the fiasco would be an immediate material reduction in the standard of living through rationing and other economic controls? Or was it because the disaster itself disgusted them politically, and made them feel the country was finished, morally as well as materially? I am convinced the latter is nearer the truth.

A certain degree of historical decadence is inevitable for this country today: we are not

like North America and Russia, and it is no use trying to pretend we are. There are inhabitants of this island who recognise this fact and are prepared to live with it and to make the best of it by taking advantage of the very real benefits of living in a society which, as well as being decadent, is, by the same token, mature. On the other hand there are many who cannot face the fact of our decadence, who are, in consequence, reduced to a pathological mixture of defensiveness and aggressiveness in their political attitude to foreign and domestic policy generally. These people are found in all parties—witness Suez—but on the whole I think there are comparatively few in the Labour Party, and this is important since it is the activities of such people, paradoxically enough, which are most likely to provoke conditions leading to a really dangerous degree of emigration.

Pre-conditions for Success

Problems created by the migration of capital and labour would come up in an acute form if we entered the European Common Market. This we are not proposing to do, but even the modified version, the Free Trade Area, will present its difficulties where the freedom of manoeuvre of any future Labour Government is concerned. But I do not see any reason in principle why the government of a mixed socialist-capitalist economy should not agree with a group of wholly capitalist countries to abolish tariffs and to refrain from the use of discriminatory quantitative controls on imports. It would, however, have to meet certain pre-conditions.

First, the government must see to it that when the country enters the system, the rate of exchange between the pound and the currencies of the other participating countries is what economists call an equilibrium one. This means an exchange rate which, in the absence of chronic inflation or deflation at home or abroad, would, taking one year with another, yield equilibrium in the current balance of payments.

It is not fully appreciated in public discussion that by choosing an appropriate exchange rate any differences in the general level of labour costs between countries in the Area can be offset. With an equilibrium rate we should feel only the good effects of free trade, the reorganisation of the pattern of our individual industries so as to enforce concentration on those in which our comparative efficiency was the greatest.

However, setting an equilibrium exchange rate is easier said than done, because the external value of the currency is most unfortunately associated with national prestige, and politicians of all parties are very loath to accept the idea of adjustable rates. All I can say is that any government, socialist or Conservative, which enters the Free Trade Area committed to a policy of rigid rates, is asking for trouble. Certainly, a socialist government which does so would be providing itself with a real limitation on its domestic policies indeed. The only encouraging aspect of a rather disturbing situation is that there is some evidence that the exchange rate which happens to exist at the moment is not in fact so far from the right one.

The second pre-condition for success in the Free Trade Area is that the government must succeed in avoiding chronic outbreaks of inflation in the domestic economy, particularly of the type of inflation known loosely as demand inflation. The effects of excessive cost inflation

can in theory be offset by continual exchange rate devaluation, although this is not a very happy solution. But for demand inflation, devaluation is no more than palliative. So also are the remedies such as tariffs and import controls which would be prohibited if we entered the Free Trade Area.

It is true that some socialists have lately been talking as if quantitative restrictions on imports were to be taken as a good example of the type of selective control on the economy which, as socialists, they much preferred to general, that is monetary, controls. It is not clear exactly what type of balance-of-payments disease it is for which import controls are considered a suitable cure; but I do not think any responsible socialist leader is advocating them as anything more than a temporary palliative for the demand-inflation type of disease. Socialists may reasonably regard import controls as a valid defence against foreign deflation, but they may not reasonably regard them as a permanent alternative to an equilibrium long-run exchange rate as I have defined it. To put the point another way, it is a rather peculiar definition of a socialist to say that he is a man who prefers quantitative import restriction to exchange rate adjustment. In any case, the real thing is to avoid inflation; and the proposed use of a variety of precisely-stated fiscal, monetary, and political measures to that end has recently become one of the best-documented features of official Labour policy.

I am not arguing that socialist anti-inflationary policies will necessarily be successful, although naturally I hope they will; but if they are not, the consequences will be much wider than a few balance-of-payments troubles with Western Europe. For all the inflation we have had since the war, the balance of payments on current account with the O.E.E.C. countries has shown no chronic deficit tendency: indeed, there has since 1946 been a cumulative surplus with that area.

High Rate of Economic Growth

Thus the two main pre-conditions for success in the Free Trade Area are avoidance of inflation and a sensible exchange rate policy. A final condition which is sometimes mentioned is that even with an equilibrium exchange rate we would have to see to it that our overall rate of economic growth per head of population did not lag seriously behind that of the other member countries in general. This is a complicated point, but on balance I am inclined to agree with it and it provides a good lead in to my general conclusion. For I have already emphasised that a successful socialist policy means a high rate of growth. A high rate of growth will help to avoid not only international difficulties with the balance of payments, but also excessive migration of labour. Similarly, a successful socialist policy will undertake the institutional changes necessary to avoid undesirable short and long-term flights of capital.

The real point is not that all socialism necessarily involves international difficulties, but that if the basic policies of the Labour Party are applied with too much timidity, with insufficient realism or by misconceived methods of execution, obviously they will fail in some general sense. If so some of the most important consequences of their failure will be of the external kind which I have been considering.

—Third Programme

Art

Round the London Galleries

By ALAN CLUTTON-BROCK

THE Young Contemporaries exhibition at the galleries of the Royal Society of British Artists suggests that with some few exceptions the brighter talents among the art students of this country have gone over to action painting. This must prompt the question how one can possibly tell that this is so, for if someone distributes paint over the canvas by bicycling on it, or even by less violent methods such as squeezing it straight out of the tube—invariably this practice is dignified by the name of tubism—then it seems to follow that there is no way of discerning the presence or absence of talent; you might as well try to judge the gifts of a sculptor by watching him break up coal in the cellar.

Properly speaking, this should be so, but in fact it looks very much as if some action painters are given to cheating; their technique does not always seem to be quite so incoherent or their gestures as uncontrolled as they make out. Moreover it seems to be well-nigh impossible for any painter to do anything whatever with his medium without betraying his capacity or incapacity to some perceptible extent.

But even if it can reveal talent this does not mean that action painting may not waste it. The result is almost always a bore, and one would have thought that the practice of such a method of painting was peculiarly unhelpful to the student, since there seems to be so little to learn, so small a chance of gaining experience, in the course of progress from one spasm to another. Not many art teachers, it may be suspected, actually encourage their pupils to engage in such exercises, but it is possible that some of them may show an excessive tolerance. Theirs, after all, is a most uncomfortable predicament, even worse than that of the critic who can see hardly any point in this way of painting. Young so-and-so is obviously gifted, as can be seen from his work in the life class; teachers, like critics, have in the past made horrible blunders when confronted with original talent; the temptation must always be to give him his head even if you privately believe that he is frittering away his chances.

An obvious instance of an artist whose talent is for the moment buried under a bushel of spilt paint is Mr. Michael Chalk, this year's president of the Young Contemporaries. It is much easier

to know where one is with Mr. Anthony Messenger; his painting of what seems to be a large racing motor-car, with a good effect of space behind it, shows a real capacity for large-scale design. Mr. Y. Sonnabend's 'Yellow Landscape', an etherealised Cézanne, Mr. R. Maude-Roxby's 'Feast', an expressionist painting of harpies at work, Mr. John Edkins' large and severe abstractions, and Mr. Carol Burns' still-

which reproduce with great fidelity designs composed with the brush. As always, Mr. Evans' inventions remind one at once of Wyndham Lewis' imagery, but they are set down with such force and clarity that they never have the effect of a *pastiche*; this is a style which he has made his own in the sense that long experience has made it a flexible and expressive idiom, in no way a foreign language, which he is able to use

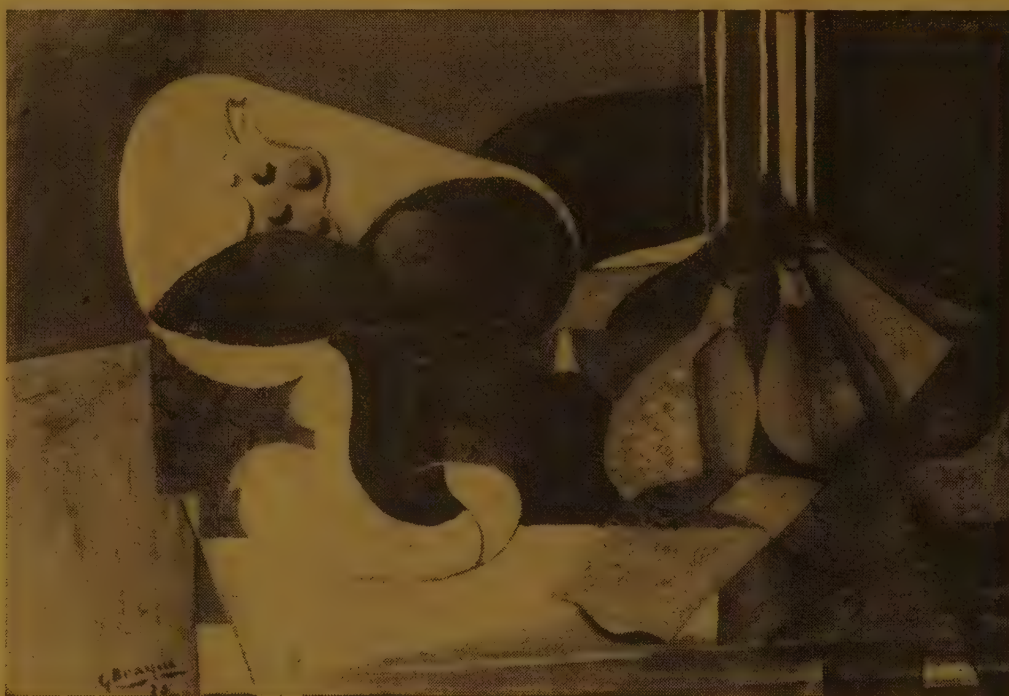
without any trace of constraint. In his prints, as in his oil paintings, Mr. Evans' workmanship is highly professional and the rich blacks that this particular medium is well adapted to produce have an effect of finished luxury.

Mr. Alexander Weatherson, who has an exhibition at Gallery One, uses very thick, glutinous, and sometimes wrinkled paint—intentionally wrinkled, one may suppose—and his subjects are usually grotesque figures which succeed in being both humorous and slightly sinister. He is an interesting but perhaps rather too deliberate eccentric.

An exhibition of twentieth-century

French masters at the Lefevre Gallery contains many precious objects, one of which is illustrated on this page. A view of old Waterloo Bridge by Derain, both pointillist and *fauve*, is the uninhibited expression of a major talent in which no one could detect any indication that it might afterwards decline. A Matisse still life of 1903 shows the artist as already a master of design and drawing with the brush, but perhaps not as yet as a great colourist, for there does seem to be a little too much brilliance and glitter to harmonise with the substantial modelling the artist used at this time. The exhibition also includes a most attractive oil painting, a view from a window in Paris, by Dufy, good interiors by Vuillard, two attractive Bonnards, and a most curious watercolour by Juan Gris in the style of Toulouse-Lautrec.

Tooth's exhibition, 'Today and Tomorrow', has a sumptuous portrait by Sir Matthew Smith; a characteristic painting by Mr. Stanley Spencer, 'Marriage at Cana'; some paintings by Geoffrey Tibble which suggest that his work is likely to wear better than might have been expected; and a still life of numerous saucepans by Mr. William Scott which holds its own in a collection containing many, more obviously, attractive pictures.



'Compotier et Poires' (1930), by Georges Braque: from the exhibition at the Lefevre Gallery

life paintings, handled with a lively sense of rhythm, are all works of considerable promise.

Mr. Patrick Heron, at the Redfern Gallery, has evidently decided to change over to a current style of painting. All cubist influences have disappeared from his work and his designs now consist only of broad horizontal stripes, painted with a fair degree of impulsiveness, or of loosely defined rectangles. His most individual contribution is in the colour of his pictures; this is immediately attractive, rather smart, and well-adapted, one would say, to competitive display in some textile or poster which requires to be instantly distinguishable from its neighbours.

Mr. Paul Olds' paintings at the same gallery are much quieter, mostly views of Paris, delicate in colour, with some cubist mannerisms thrown in but also with an accurate feeling for values. He is an artist from New Zealand and this is his first exhibition in London. The Redfern Gallery also shows an interesting collection of the work of Derwent Lees and a miscellany called 'The Abstract Influence' which ranges from cubism, represented by Gleizes, Metzinger, and Marcoussis, to small action paintings by Riopelle.

Mr. Merlyn Evans' 'Vertical Suite in Black' at the St. George's Gallery consists of a series of prints in black and white, sugar aquatints

The Listener's Book Chronicle

The Search of Good Sense: Four Eighteenth-Century Characters By F. L. Lucas. Cassell. 25s.

THE STOCK OF THE eighteenth century has been steadily rising. The nineteenth century observed indeed that the eighteenth had made a remarkably successful job of life on its own terms, but it considered the terms so exorbitant, so cramping, that it underrated and even despised the success. But our distracted age begins to wonder whether any price would be too high for that sense of stability, of 'security' in its full meaning, at which the eighteenth century aimed and which it largely achieved.

It is Mr. Lucas's thesis that we should be wise, if we are to arrest our present glissade towards a precipice, to go to school with the eighteenth century, and in his 'Epilogue', which contains the distilled wisdom of a very wise book, he deplors our apparent reluctance to do so. We are still 'tired of reason' and 'the Romantic retreat from good sense has persisted'. He is far too honest not to see clearly all that can be said against the eighteenth century; it had in it much brutality, much squalor; and also it 'monstrously underestimated the difficulty of being rational'. But the difficulty should not scare us from making the attempt.

And so, to encourage and guide the attempt, he gives us four portraits, Johnson, Chesterfield, Boswell, Goldsmith, which are to be followed in a later volume by four more, Hume, Horace Walpole, Burke, and Benjamin Franklin. And he poses about them the questions 'How far were their lives successful experiments in the art of living? How far not? And why?' They were all of them, he thinks, among those 'minds of the Enlightenment which acquired a perfect passion for good sense, moderation, balance, order, and intellectual honesty'.

The portraits inevitably vary in quality and different readers will have their own favourites. This reviewer prefers Johnson. One would think it impossible by now to say anything fresh about Johnson, but Mr. Lucas succeeds, largely because he holds the balance so level between Johnson's weaknesses and his excellences, but partly from the comparative unfamiliarity of some of his examples, and partly because of his incidental comments; for example, illustrating Johnson's power of the single word, '(Of Ossian) "Sir, a man might write such stuff for ever, if he would abandon his mind to it". (If you think "abandon" could be bettered, try)'. The Chesterfield is perhaps even more brilliant as a technical achievement because the subject is less tractable for the portrait painter's purposes. But Mr. Lucas is not so much at ease with him, and is decoyed into several touches of the Lytton Strachey manner which suit ill with his usual urbanity. Boswell seems rather dubiously eligible for a place in this gallery at all, and those readers who find the Boswell of the *London Journal* infinitely tiresome may feel that he has all but dulled Mr. Lucas to his own level of tedium. But the Goldsmith is in its quieter way as satisfying as the Johnson, and fits as perfectly into the general design. He is an example of 'human intelligence humorously

contemplating the world with a vision clear, clean, and unfuddled by "enthusiasm" or mysticism'.

Mr. Lucas thinks that as our ancestors overate, we over-read, and that it is 'mere common sense never to undertake a piece of work, or read a book, without asking "Is it worth the amount of life it will cost?"'. This book is abundantly worth it, in both the undertaking and the reading.

The History of Fanny Burney By Joyce Hemlow. Oxford. 35s.

Fanny Burney was born in 1752 and died in 1840. She started to scribble as a child and stopped only on her deathbed. She published hundreds of thousands of words and left millions for others to quarry—juvenilia, diaries, and journals galore. Her father, her brothers, her sisters, her friends and acquaintances, all seem to have written as easily as they breathed. On this voluminous archive Miss Hemlow has lavished the obsessed, dedicated care that one has come to expect of American scholars of English literature. One can easily imagine the huge, meticulous card-index, the vast bibliography, the gigantic chronological diary, the growing uncritical passion for the whole tribe of Burneys. All that devotion, industry, and secretarial technique can do has been done. The result is both terrifying and pathetic. The banality of Miss Hemlow's writing, faultlessly sustained for 491 pages, makes the mind boggle at the thought of what her students may have to listen to. Yet her judgements, incredible though it may seem, are more fatuous than her writing. Here are two samples of the one and the other.

Describing Fanny Burney's burial at Bath, the last solemn concluding sentences run:

There in the presence of James' son, Richard's son, Charles' grandson, Susan's daughter, Charlotte's daughter and grandson, the faithful Mary Ann Smith, and other mourners, Madame d'Arblay was interred with her son. The grave of the brave chevalier is near by on the slope over which the fresh winds blow from the hills surrounding the city of hills, where one of the dramas of her life was played to a close and where long and long ago she had come as Fanny Burney.

And this the final judgement on *Camilla*:

Camilla: or, a Picture of Youth will keep its place as a courtesy-novel on a dusty though 'improving' shelf, which, however neglected, contains nevertheless some charming old reading: Fénelon's *De l'éducation des filles*, Dr. Gregory's *A Father's Legacy to his Daughters*, Lord Halifax's *The Lady's New-Year Gift*, Mrs. Chapon's *Letters on the Improvement of the Mind*, Madame de Genlis's *Adèle et Théodore*, and other legacies, gifts, and letters from the past concerned with ethical ideals for the young lady—part of the perennial legacy of the wise to the young.

Yet, in spite of all, Fanny Burney contrives to remain alive. Genteel, pompous, extravagant, sentimental, increasingly full of pretence and self-deceit she may have been, yet she was always a writer. Born in the lower middle

classes, her father's success lifted her not only into the cultured circle of literary London but also into the Court and the fringes of the aristocratic world. Her first and best work, *Evelina*, is full, as both Dr. Johnson and Macaulay realised, of acute observation of social habits and class distinction. So are her journals and letters, here amply quoted, welcome oases in the vast desert of Miss Hemlow's prose. But the success of *Evelina* killed her public performance. She felt compelled to write not only like a great lady, but also like a very genteel one. The result was largely unreadable rubbish; in private, her pen still scurried across the page, ecstatic, shrewd, uncontrolled, and all whom she met and all that she saw come vividly alive. Her neat portraits of Crisp, Dr. Johnson, the witless King, Colonel Digby, Mrs. Schwellenburg, d'Arblay himself and, above all, her father, make one long for a new, well edited edition of her journals and letters, for she is the only female writer who can be compared with Boswell or Horace Walpole. She deserved a better fate than this biography, but if it quickens interest in her work it will not have been in vain.

Mikhailovsky and Russian Populism

By James H. Billington. Oxford. 30s.

English and American scholars seem to be particularly interested at the present time in the intricacies of Russian nineteenth-century political and social thought. In this field Dr. Billington, an American who has studied at Oxford, now contributes a survey of an important and neglected figure, Mikhailovsky was the most outstanding theorist of the Populist movement which flourished in Russia during the eighteen-seventies, languished during the repression of the following decade and, after some notable polemics with Marxism, lost its momentum by the turn of the century, though its ideas continued to inspire the Social Revolutionary Party.

This is an illuminating and careful study in which Dr. Billington has plainly mapped out Mikhailovsky's own ideas and those of his followers against the background, also carefully filled in, of competing ideas in the Russia of his day. A central element in his thought was his contribution to the mystique of the *narod*, the word from which *narodnik* (a Populist) derives and which combines both the idea of Russian nationality and of the common people. Himself of upper-class origin, Mikhailovsky was the most significant representative of the so-called 'conscience-stricken gentry' who, feeling that they owed a debt to the peasantry which fed and clothed them, consecrated their lives to the repayment of that debt. Mikhailovsky presided over, but did not participate in the 'Going to the People' of 1874, when thousands of educated Russians went out into the villages to share the peasants' lives. When in the late eighteen-seventies the movement developed a terrorist wing, Mikhailovsky approved to some extent the principle of political assassination, but again without participating. He became the accepted prophet of the Populists, sought after, admired, eagerly read.



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Whereas earlier Russian radical thinkers such as Belinsky, Chernychevsky and Dobrolyubov have, with varying degrees of credibility, been interpreted as swimming in a stream of ideas which later broadened, or—according to one's point of view—narrowed into those of Russian Marxism, Mikhailovsky belonged to a backwater. The future was not to be his. Dr. Billington apparently believes that this was a pity, for Mikhailovsky, in contrast with his Marxist political opponents, professed faith in the value of the individual. But of course the profession of faith in the individual has by no means always (least of all on Russian soil) stopped people from oppressing actual individuals when they got the chance. Perhaps Mikhailovsky now seems more sweetly reasonable than he in fact was precisely because his movement failed.

It is a defect in Dr. Billington's book that Mikhailovsky's character does not get across to the reader. One is not clear whether his devotion to his ideas went with a colourless personality or whether it is simply that Dr. Billington has not chosen to illumine that personality. Mikhailovsky could write with passion and venom; he had a large personal following and one would have supposed him to have been a remarkable man as well as an original thinker. But when speaking of his life Dr. Billington often dismisses perfunctorily and with a curiously flat accent incidents that might have borne fuller treatment without detriment to scholarship. Thus Mikhailovsky 'lived briefly with Davydova while in St. Petersburg and flirted with a certain Yulia Petrovna Kashchenko while in Kislovodsk visiting Davydova's husband'. Evidently, though one has to read such sentences twice before realising it, Mikhailovsky was less of a faceless and desiccated calculating machine than Dr. Billington has proved capable of showing.

Nansen. A Family Portrait

By Liv Nansen Hoyer. Longmans. 30s. If this affectionate but not uncritical study of a father contains a moral it is that dedicated men make difficult husbands and (ideally) should remain single. Hardly had Fridtjof Nansen married than he was off into the Arctic for three years. Hardly had he returned than he was contemplating the South Pole. Nothing came of this, but when circumstances soon converted him into a politician and later a diplomat this dedication to both roles was complete. By the time he was appointed first Norwegian minister to England it is evident the strain on marriage had become nearly intolerable. His wife declined to follow him, pleading rather lamely the children's welfare. Letters between them which had once been so charged with intensity and emotion became for a time prosaic and commonplace. Though later reconciled (for at heart they were still deeply in love) the marriage seems never to have been quite the same. Two years later when his wife died Nansen's grief was intensified by feelings of remorse.

It is assuredly less as an arctic explorer that Nansen would like to be remembered than as a practical humanitarian (The Conscience of Europe as some called him) and a Nobel prizewinner. Today there is no man who could achieve what Nansen did after the first world war. Nansen Help and Nansen Passports brought life and hope to tens of thousands made

homeless, destitute and diseased by war, defeat, and famine. For this *enfant terrible* of the League of Nations not even the Soviet frontier was closed as he travelled everywhere, ceaselessly pleading for money from tight-fisted governments and organising relief. To the cause of suffering humanity he virtually gave his life. He died, a man of tremendous constitution and vitality, worn out by his labours at the age of sixty-nine.

This family portrait, admirable in so many respects, would have been a little more complete and convincing had Mrs. Hoyer been less reticent regarding the second Mrs. Nansen and her father's life *en secondes nocces*.

Imre Nagy on Communism. In Defence of the New Course.

Thames and Hudson. 30s.

Child of the Revolution. By Wolfgang Leonhard. Translated by C. M. Woodhouse. Collins. 25s.

Books on communism now fall as fast as the autumn leaves—and often as thick. But both these books have something new to tell us. Nagy's 'Testament', as it has been somewhat misleadingly called, is of obvious importance, if only because it is rarely that we are able to see documents intended solely for the inner councils of a communist party. It was written during his forced retirement in 1955 and 1956, and before the revolution of October 23. He had been driven from his post as premier, after Hungary's very brief period of 'liberalism', and expelled from the Central Committee. This document was his defence. It was smuggled out of Hungary in spring 1957, and its authenticity is beyond doubt. It is not easy reading because much of it is written in the turgid language of communism, which means either much more or much less than it says, but seldom corresponds to observable facts.

Fortunately, an extensive introduction by Professor Seton-Watson has been provided. This is so fair and sympathetic that one fears that many will be tempted to read it and skip the text. Yet only the text will make us understand the full tragedy of the communist who realises that what is being done in the name of communism is vile, and yet continues to believe that somehow his ideal can be realised. It was in essence the tragedy of Lenin and Trotsky—both knew that the system which they had helped to build was wrong, neither could ever see that its inherent vice was the forcible monopolisation of power, wisdom, and truth by an irresponsible clique. So Nagy's programme bears no relationship to the realities of any communist regime—yet he cannot see this, any more than he could see that the destruction of freedom in Hungary, to which he was a willing party, was anything other than an historical necessity. But he served his country as best he knew, according to his lights, and with considerable courage, and history will praise him much more than it will ever blame him.

Mr. Leonhard is more fortunate than Nagy (whose fate remains unknown). He has been able to recount his disillusionment in the security of a free country. He escaped to Russia, and freedom, from Hitler's Germany at the age of thirteen, with his mother. Before long, his mother was in a concentration camp (she is alive and at liberty today) and the boy in the grips

of indoctrination. His book, which has been widely read in German, is the story of his training as a communist propagandist at the Comintern School, his assignment as a leading official to Eastern Germany, and his final break with Stalinism in 1949. Leonhard was also disillusioned because reality did not correspond to his ideal. But, unlike Nagy, he has been able to describe his mental experience in language uninhibited by the communist convention. The two books together provide the fullest picture we have yet been given of that important contemporary mental outlook to which the name 'revisionism' is sometimes attached. This means the striving of the man who has once sincerely accepted communism to preserve something of his ideal. The historian will suggest (as Professor Seton-Watson implies) that without the reality of party dictatorship, terror, injustice, the stifling of free discussion, and a corrupt and highly privileged bureaucracy no communist system would stand up for five minutes. That Mr. Khrushchev shares this view is evident from his repeated condemnation of 'revisionism' as the worst sin. One wonders what Mr. Leonhard, who is now a graduate student at Oxford, thinks of all this today.

Voltaire Historian

By J. H. Brumfitt. Oxford. 25s.

A great deal has been written about Voltaire as a historian. Professor J. B. Black, for example, holds a high opinion of him: 'an acknowledged master of literary expression', 'a thinker who amassed probably more accurate information about the world in all its aspects than any man since Aristotle'; above all, a simplifier and populariser of genius. Dr. Brumfitt has now produced a first-class thesis on the subject, which tempers enthusiasm in the cold light of research.

Before the time of Voltaire history was usually written in the form of chronicle, and then the chroniclers gave way to the 'philosophes'. But Voltaire was more than a 'philosophe'; it was his intention not only to present a new and wider view of history but to break away from the mere tales of battles and politics. Both in his books on Charles XII of Sweden and Louis XIV of France he used a fair amount of new material, some acquired from his contemporaries, though as he gives no detailed references it is not easy to gauge exactly how much was new and important. Dr. Brumfitt seems to take a better view of the Louis XIV than of the Charles XII, although he thinks that Voltaire was not altogether true to his own ideal schemes. In his later works, it is suggested, Voltaire tended to be obsessed by his deism and to concentrate upon a desire to 'écraser l'infâme' rather than to 'répandre la lumière'. He also lacked a true historical sense, attaching universal validity to the standards of his own time and searching for their equivalent throughout the world; and though he was himself a philosopher, he saw no philosophy in history.

What emerges from this analysis is that there was little consistency in Voltaire's historical outlook. Sometimes he is optimistic; sometimes he offers materialistic explanations of historical events, stressing, for example, the importance of climate. At other times he is open minded; usually he is sceptical. Dr. Brumfitt suggests that a contradiction existed between his aims; while he wished to achieve a positive and practical 'histoire de l'esprit humain' he was a destroyer

rather than a creator, and his criticism is often superficial.

But when all that has been said, the fact remains that Voltaire possessed gifts which many modern historians might envy. He was lucid and versatile, and his scepticism, though not always justified (as in the case of his doubts about Richelieu's testament), was in valuable contrast to the work of most of his predecessors who would swallow almost any anecdote. If much of his writing is speculative and unscientific judged by modern standards, those are surely not the right standards by which to judge him. In that respect one feels that Dr. Brumfitt himself is at times unhistorical. The greatness of Voltaire, as of Gibbon, lay in throwing off outmoded methods and aiming at a universal view; while, after all, are not scepticism and rationalism the proper lines of approach to all good historical research?

Youth and Youth Groups

By J. Macalister Brew.
Faber. 18s.

If one grants the assumptions and values implicit in nearly all contemporary work on youth groups, then few more valuable general statements can be imagined than the book under review by the late Dr. Josephine Macalister Brew, apart from the rather silly first chapter drawing analogies between physiological puberty and birth. The underlying assumptions are that, under contemporary conditions, a majority of the urban working class between school-leaving and marriage (from the ages of fifteen to twenty-four, a period which Dr. Brew constantly refers to as adolescence) will be lonely, bored, with only trivial interests, uncomfortable with members of the opposite sex and unlikely to make a good heterosexual adjustment, prone to delinquency, and undemocratic unless considerable efforts are made by their elders and betters to get them into youth clubs. Once you have got them into a club, the chief aim is to keep them interested and participating, but above all to keep them in.

The youth group should try to give scope for every interest of hand, mind and heart—in a word it should endeavour to keep its members fit in every sense . . . encouraging the young to become responsible and independent citizens. . . . Democracy may stand or fall on what happens in the next decade or so, and we can no longer afford to allow our young people to learn to live in a democracy by the old slow process of muddling through. . . . The boys and girls who are our *especial* care are the ones who have not yet developed the taste for long courses. Our job is to get them interested and to keep them interested. . . . 'Incidents' [heterosexual experimentation between adolescents] are far less likely to occur in a well-lit club than in shop doorways and back alleys; if indeed this is an age beset with such dangers it is well to have young people under one's eyes when they are doing this mixing.

These typical quotations, taken from many chapters, adequately illustrate the humane, humanist (but with undenominational Christian background) and common-sense approach to 'the problem of youth', and Dr. Brew's book is full of sensible hints on how the problem can

be coped with. Those who find slightly nauseating this manipulation and taming of one section of the population by a self-selected, if dedicated, group of 'leaders' are obviously anti-social; and they would do well to consider that the peak hour for juvenile delinquency is on Sunday afternoons, when neither youth clubs nor cinemas are open. Sir John Wolfenden contributes a brief and elegant foreword to the book.

The Marches of El Dorado: British Guiana, Brazil, Venezuela

By Michael Swan. Cape. 25s.

'To cram the mind to bursting with the sights of the world so that the memory need never starve', there, Mr. Michael Swan remarks, 'for me is the truth of travel'. His practice is as



Indian boys at blowpipe contest

From 'The Marches of El Dorado'

good as his theory. No living writer can convey more vividly or more agreeably the atmosphere of corners of the world with which his readers are unlikely to be familiar. His manners are perfect in that he never gives the stay-at-home a sense of inferiority by boasting of how adventurous he has been. He went where he pleased because he wanted to see what it was like and his account, though it may not tempt everyone to want to follow in his footsteps, is persuasively authentic. That, one feels, is how the Caribbean Indians live and that is the look and the smell of their country.

Mr. Swan describes three journeys which he made, in the first half of 1955, into the interior of British Guiana. He reached the plateau mountain of Roraima and travelled across the Gran Sabana of Venezuela and the high forests of Brazil. He took his time, 'because I wanted to have the sense of a slow overland journey', preferring foot and canoe to the occasional use

of a Grumman amphibian aeroplane. He enjoyed the hospitality of settlers, mining and timber camps, ranchers, and tribesmen. He did not neglect the coastal scene and so is able to bring out the fascinating contrast between 'Sea Wall' and 'Bush'.

He begins with an '1855 bathing party' in Georgetown at which subalterns of the Black Watch turned up wearing parallel striped bathing suits immaculately cut by local shirtmakers with side-boards and red cheeks. Soon, he plunges into primitive surroundings and meets locals so strange that they would sound remote and unintelligible if he were not an artist at getting under their skins. These people have changed a little but not much since the days of Walter Raleigh and the Spanish Conquistadores. No wonder their homeland gave Conan Doyle a setting for *The Lost World*. Mr. Swan rediscovers it; his search for El Dorado is successful. He is helped by illustrations worthy of his prose.


Unholy Alliance

By Gerald Freund.


Chatto and Windus. 25s.

We have long been familiar with the fact that the Germans circumvented the disarmament clauses of the Treaty of Versailles by rearming themselves in Russia; the Nazi *Luftwaffe* was born on Soviet soil. Dr. Freund now gives us chapter and verse. He describes in some detail the Russo-German air base established at Lipezk early in 1924 in accordance with the military agreement made in August 1923. He quotes an article by General Spiedel which discovers that the *Reichswehr* people who managed this affair used large sums of money which had in fact been collected for the relief of the Ruhr workers, the victims of the French occupation. There was also a gas warfare school at Saratov and a tank-training centre at Kasan; at all three places the Germans provided the technical skill while the Russians used the opportunities which their uninspected country gave them to mollify the Germans and to learn how—one day—to fight them.

Dr. Freund has a happy touch in bringing to life the actors in this strange schizophrenic play. Among the leading figures on the German side the papers in the *Heeresarchiv* now in Washington show General Groener to have been the most upright and the most enlightened. As for Seeckt, the hidden king of the Weimar Republic, as the workings of his mind become clearer to the historian they become more sinister. To him the Army was 'the purest and most striking image of the state'; in other words he was Prussian militarism incarnate. He ignored the existence of the Treaty of Versailles; for him the war went on against the West, and above all against Poland which he was determined to destroy. He needed Russia geographically and ignored its Communism; thus he was willing to crush the extremists of the Right, like Ludendorff and Hitler, because they were in agreement with the words of Lenin: 'Time will tell whether a German hegemony or a Communist federation is to arise out of the ruins of Europe'; perhaps less wisely than they, Seeckt brushed aside the



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second possibility. Dr. Freund considers it important not to underestimate the extent to which Stresemann, in spite of his pro-Western policy, 'co-operated with Seeckt and the Russians in the interests of German rearmament'.

The reverse is true of Rathenau, who passionately believed that the West should 'save Ger-

many from throwing in her lot with Communist Russia'. Yet his name is associated with the Treaty of Rapallo although he signed it with enormous reluctance and wished to undo it when it was too late. He was not only more intellectually and emotionally Western than Stresemann, but Western in his interests as well. For he represented the *Allgemeine Elektrizitäts*

Gesellschaft and the dependence of German light industry upon the West.

Stresemann, on the other hand, was associated with heavy industry whose interest lay in the development of the U.S.S.R.; German heavy industry was, therefore, in so far as it was made aware of the Reichswehr's game, interested to play it.

New Novels

Julio Jurenito. By Ilya Ehrenburg. MacGibbon and Kee. 18s.

Giovanni's Room. By James Baldwin. Michael Joseph. 15s.

The Miscreant. By Jean Cocteau. Peter Owen. 15s.

The Siege of Aunt Estelle. By Helen van Rensberg. Macmillan. 10s. 6d.

JULIO JURENITO is not precisely new, but it is as good as new: it was published in 1922 and has never been reprinted. It is not difficult, at any rate so far as Soviet Russia is concerned, to see why. Julio is a sort of imaginary guru: whom Ehrenburg conjures up for himself; he names him 'the Teacher' and the book is ostensibly a faithful disciple's account of his Master's life and sayings, liberally interspersed with reflection and anecdote. There is plenty of scope for the latter. Ilya's fellow-faithful are an oddly assorted lot: there is Mr. Cool the American, who in time of doubt consults either his morocco-bound book or his blue-paper-bound one (his Bible and his cheque-book); there is Alexey Spiridonovich the Russian, maudlin and windy, recounting his spiritual odyssey to all and sundry, and engaged upon the search not for man but Man; there is Ercole, the Italian lay-about; M. Delet, the doyen of French undertakers; Aysha, the god-inventing Senegalese. One of almost every nation in fact (including Ehrenburg himself, the Jew), with the curious and notable exception of the English. This troupe is conducted by the author through many countries: western Europe before the 1914-18 war, the fighting-lines during it, Bolshevik Russia after it, and finally Ehrenburg's own sorrowful but thankful return alone, on the death of the Teacher, to Paris, in which city, at his favourite table in his favourite café, he had met Julio in the first place.

Julio and his creator are both firm believers in the blessed anecdote [which] has long since taken the place of the epic and the sermon; it is the key to the treasure-houses of mankind.

I quote, therefore, one of the most typical so that the reader may judge of the flavour of this erratic but remarkable book. The Teacher is approached by a hack journalist who begs him to provide him with some copy:

At first the Teacher refused, but then, being a man of great kindness, he dictated the following story, a story destined to enjoy unrivalled success:

APPALLING CRIME

Last night in a populous part of Paris, in the rue Saint-Honoré, Monsieur Tric, a well-known barrister, vice-chairman of the League against Immorality in the Streets, committed an indecent assault on young Lucie Z., aged 15. The worst feature of the crime is that it was committed with the full knowledge of the girl's parents, owners of a large soap factory, who were in the flat at the time. . . .

The story was published, and a few days later the journalist came to see Jurenito with his head swathed in bandages.

'You've let me down', he complained. 'It was all a lie. . . . They were married!'

'It was only to stop you from getting into still worse trouble that I omitted to mention that representatives of the State, that is, officials of the *mairie* who prepared the wedding contract, were also accessories to the crime'.

It will be seen that *Julio Jurenito* is a master of the paradox. It is not only the institution of marriage that comes under his caustic lash—far from it. No aspect of Western ethics and morality is sacred, particularly not religion, politics, or ideas. The Teacher's intellect is crystal-clear, even though he lacks common sense; his idealism burning, even though he lacks sympathy.

One is more surprised, after reading *Julio Jurenito*, that Ehrenburg should have survived at all in Russia than that this book should have been suppressed; for his scathing comments are spared in no direction, and in many ways the Russia of 1917-22 comes out worst of the lot.

[The war] killed all the things in whose name it was begun and has given birth to all it should have killed. A war of liberation, was it? Yet we see now that the peoples are ripe for the great, the undisguised enslavement, for they could no longer bear the fiction of freedom or its spectral boons. . . .

What humanity is heading for today is by no means paradise but the harshest, blackest, sweatiest purgatory of all. The final twilight of freedom is at hand. Assyria and Egypt will be exceeded by this new, unheard-of slavery.

Russia in the early days of the revolution, its air still full of the dust of the fallen cathedrals, museums, and palaces, its ears still full of the echoes of the falling of them, was a heady place in which to write. Writers were drunk with possibility, as men projected into absolute space might be. In a land suddenly without landmarks travellers chased their own dervish tails or made wild unlikely leaps over horizons or vertically into the air. Babel was such a writer, and Ehrenburg, at least in those days, was another. That, of course, was in the halcyon time before the Soviet decided to dispose of all its stranger bedfellows. *Julio Jurenito* is nearly always superficial, caricatural, often ridiculous, sometimes no more than a good undergraduate rag: but it is always brilliantly lively, the work of a slap-happy Swift—and a Swift who is served well by a pair of excellent translators. Let us remember Ehrenburg as the author of it, and not of that sad and necessarily timid monument to the chastening power of the state known as *The Thaw*.

Giovanni, of *Giovanni's Room*, is a bartender

in a homosexual night-club. Mr. Baldwin's hero, David, is the usual American in the usual Paris: not the Jamesian American, the innocent open to European corruption, but his modern equivalent who is proof against corruption precisely (it seems) because, his having no moral centre, there is nothing to corrupt. David is naturally homosexual too. His girl-friend is away doing Spain. David moves into Giovanni's room.

The resultant relationship is described without prejudice. When the girl-friend returns, David deserts Giovanni and Giovanni, mad with grief commits a (not wholly dramatically inevitable) crime. Giovanni has his head chopped off. David is left sucking his thumb. This is an undoubtedly sincere book and written in places with considerable power: on the other hand it is overwrought, overwritten, and conspicuously lacks humour. Not savoury and not recommended for light cheerful reading: all the same it is a most desirable thing that such books should be written, published (this especially!) and generally available.

M. Cocteau's *The Miscreant* is a painfully commonplace and unsympathetic little plot dressed up to the nines with balloons, tinsel, and fireworks. For all the stylistic ostentation, however, most of the fireworks are damp, tinsel tarnished, balloons punctured.

By day, Venice is the shattered pieces of an ornate shooting-range on a fair-ground. By night, she is an amorous negress lying dead in her bath with her tawdry jewels.

Making all allowances for mishaps of translation, this sort of thing really won't do: the more an image is *outré*, the more, not less, it should be just. Take it away, Master Cocteau, and try to bring a better prep. next week. Some good turns certainly; some very good:

[Her sister] was as much like Germaine as a plaster cast is to the original marble. That is to say they were alike, except in every way.

But a few brilliant *touches* of this sort are insufficient to redeem a story that only Colette could have saved, and a style whose pretentiousness is really an acne, rather than an acme, of sophistication.

The Siege of Aunt Estelle concerns a maiden lady (Is she Well-Preserved? Is she Sprightly?) and her successful efforts to rid herself of undesirable fellow-tenants. Snakes for some and senna-pods in the wine for others. Amusing enough but does not leave quite the unequivocally clean taste that it ought to: Auntie (Is she Smug? Is she Selfish?) is not quite the little old dear she should be. The scene is South African. It is Mrs. van Rensberg's first novel.

HILARY CORKE

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

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DOCUMENTARY

Rewarding Efforts

PUT ME in a room full of people and I will tell you in a second which of them are viewers. Unrecognised, as Mr. Eliot has said, by other men, but sometimes by each other. How well in these past months have I come to know that glazed smile and nerveless handshake, the odd breakdown in the conversation and the ill-concealed glance at the clock. But there is this to be said for us: we are, most of us, viewing for most of the time with our eyes open; it is not, as is often inferred, habit or addiction that keeps us at it so doggedly, it is the pardonable compulsive fear of missing one of those exceptional moments or insights that occur from time to time on the screen, but in the normal course of events would never come one's way. Or do you view regularly for some quite different reason, *hypocrite lecteur—mon semblable, mon frère*?

Take this week. On paper it seemed from 'Panorama' to 'Press Conference' much, far too much, like any other. Yet in practice it brought into view at least three programmes well worth making a special effort to see: 'Your Life in their Hands', the eruption at the end of 'The Volcanoes of the Sahara', the quarter of an hour's statement by television's most eloquent scientific personality in 'Speaking Personally', and if, for completeness' sake, we take in the other channel, Mrs. Margaret Knight and the Abbot of Downside at loggerheads over the problem of evil.

These last two programmes were both primarily the work of Dr. J. Bronowski in whom one has a striking case of someone who has accepted the challenge of television as a powerful medium of the mind, and not just an extension of the cinema and the juke box into the home. He is a regular performer on 'The Brains Trust' where he is outstanding not only for fluency of response and the wide compass of his interests, but also for his way of exposing, or seeming to expose, the profound moral dragon that lurks dangerously behind the most innocent seeming question, and charging at it full tilt with his lance. He is a knight of the faith—but what faith? Because he holds such forceful opinions on so many different topics, that has always been a little difficult to define, until on Wednesday he came forward in 'Speaking Personally' to offer us in an utterly gripping manner the master-key to his mind.

As he talked nostalgically of his arrival in England at the age of twelve, and of his formative years at Cambridge in the nineteen-twenties, where he edited a magazine, *Experiment*, with a mathematician called William Empson, he produced two exhibits—the first was a picture by Blake of Dante and Virgil looking at the circle of traitors, the second was a model of the sugar molecule: each was part of 'the unity of the mind', and his thought springs simultaneously from the two incompatible sources. He is both a scientist among romantics and a romantic among

scientists. Such at least was the conclusion that one mesmerised rabbit found in this formidable display of taking the viewer into one's confidence.

I have nothing but praise for the third programme in the controversial series of outside broadcasts from hospitals, 'A New Lease of Life' which came from the Queen Elizabeth Hospital, Birmingham, and showed how patients in that hospital who are suffering from damage to the heart derived from rheumatic fever are treated. From the preliminary explanations and diagnosis to the seven-minute film in the operating theatre with the surgeon's commentary, the whole process was revealed with dignity and thoroughness, even down to a final interview with someone who had had the operation six years ago and was now leading a more or less normal life. Such a dispassionate demonstration stands at the greatest possible remove from the excruciating sentimentalities of another regular series which has 'life' in its title. And yet so far as I know there has been no storm of protest from viewers or any public body at people being inveigled into the studio so that their lives may be dissected in public on television. But what could be more 'morbid' than that?

Mr. Roger Akester showed us in 'The Volcanoes of the Sahara' evidence of a more primitive kind of operation performed by the local witch doctor on the skull of one of the Tibou tribesmen; it was done without anaesthetic and with crude home-made knives, to let the evil spirits out of his head. Miraculously enough the man survived this trepanning, only complaining from time to time of a headache! This second film of the Cambridge expedition's Sahara journey gave a vivid and fascinating picture of the life of this isolated tribe and of the medical help which the expedition was able to bring to them by starting a clinic in the middle of the desert



'Speaking Personally': Dr. J. Bronowski on February 26

and popularising the idea of injections.

The main object was of course the volcanoes, and after a sweltering climb by camel through what must be the most barren country in the world the smoking mountains suddenly appeared surrounded by gurgling pools of lava. I thought again of Blake, the only artist to have evoked such grim but magnificent desolation; though one member of the expedition was perhaps more accurate when he described the sight as 'a cross between hell and Euston station'.

Cambridge came into the picture again for their tiddlywinks match with the Goons of which 'Sportview' gave us an advance glimpse: much funnier than the interview with Bob Hope in 'Tonight', much more instructive than 'Play Street'—a rather dull little film about the games played by children in a closed New York street.

ANTHONY CURTIS

DRAMA

Without a Break

PLAYS IN THEIR normal home, the theatre, are acted with intervals: some playgoers find a break after only forty minutes a nuisance; but it has its obvious advantage, not only in refreshment profits but in mitigating monotony. Most plays nowadays have no change of scene and managers favour those with few characters for reasons of economy. To watch a small cast confined in one set for some two hours would grievously test the patience of a theatre audience, even if the piece and its performers were of the highest quality. Their occasional absence behind a dropped curtain can be a great advantage.

Transfer stage-plays to the television screen and they last, or can be shaped to last, ninety minutes with no interval. It seems to be agreed that the television public will disperse or turn to another channel if there is even the smallest gap. Consequently, even if the piece be bound to one spot and the cast be small, the play is submitted to this risk of sameness unrelieved. Plays written specially for television gain greatly by the elasticity which the medium offers: there are comings and goings: one is living in a flux of time and events. So the intervals are not required and not missed.

Last Sunday's item in 'World Theatre' was S. N. Behrman's version of 'Amphitryon 38', by Jean Giraudoux. (The number in the title is a jesting allusion to the frequency with which the story of the divine origin of Herakles has been told and I hope that the matter is now concluded and that a



An operating theatre during a heart operation, from 'Your Life in their Hands' on February 25

thirty-ninth article will not be added. Jupiter (why not Zeus?) and Alkmene, wife of the Theban General Amphitryon, have the play very much to themselves and, save for a glimpse of the gods in the clouds, the scene is limited to the Theban palace. In the theatre this comedy of Olympian sensuality and duplicity and feminine resistance had, when I saw it, the compelling presence of Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne. It also had intervals, which certainly helped.

On our domestic screens were Alec Clunes, a genial and well-spoken Jupiter, and Googie Withers, whose Alkmene, also well-spoken, could fairly be described as a dish fit for the gods. Patrick Barr and Judy Campbell ably and briefly intervened. Without intervals, the players could not, with all their talents, defeat the impression of the same classic jest meandering round the same classic bedroom. The lesson for me was that plays chosen for continuous performance on the screen should be those with a large and varied cast, some variety of scene, and some opportunity for the producer to keep things moving.

As a Welsh offering for St. David's Day (March 1) nothing new was attempted. 'The Corn is Green' by Emlyn Williams is deservedly familiar. It sprouted nearly twenty years ago and the grain has not suffered from keeping. The play has variety of character and moves down the years; so it makes a pleasantly fluent medium for television.

The subject of education, unless it be of the sexual kind, finds few niches in our theatre. This fact helps to give freshness to the picture of a (late Victorian?) mining village which the Act of 1870 seems mainly to have missed. Schooling there must be of the lads who go so young to the pits. An English resident in Wales, Miss Moffat, who is a Florence Nightingale of the alphabet, sweeps in to combat illiteracy and then discovers a pearl among the human nuggets of coal. Young Morgan Evans' rise to scholarship under her devoted tuition seems incredibly rapid: but juvenile development always sets the theatre some teasing problems. The player of Evans cannot help being fairly mature in looks all the time and so one can excuse the questionable time-scheme of the play.

What matters is its grappling with a theme uncommon on the stage, the growth of a mind. Emlyn Williams conceded to theatrical convention the rearing of sex's ugly head: the mind has to be betrayed by the body, but the betrayal is not fatal and the good deed of Miss Moffat in bringing light to the darkness of young Morgan shines clear at last in a naughty world.

The Welsh Studio gave us two major performances. Joan Miller as Miss Moffat firmly presented the right brisk intelligence as well as the kindness: here was truly the 'advanced' woman of the period, one who mixed good sense with goodwill in her breaking down of social and economic barriers. The richly sympathetic role of Morgan is, I fancy, a gift to a young Welsh actor: Henley Thomas certainly did not waste the opportunity of this donation. The old-time Squire of Llewellyn Rees passed nicely from suspicion to benevolence, but the producer, David J. Thomas, might have toned down the aggressive sinfulness of the village girl who caused sex to interfere with studies. This part is the play's weak point. It is not persuasively written and needs more subtlety in the performance than it received.

Welsh Wales was immediately preceded by very English London. The Benny Hill Show had nothing quite as good as the last of the series but it happily confirmed my view of the comedian's immense range as a mimic. He can be Peter Haigh at one minute and a Snack Bar tough at the next. He is a master of the new London accents, which are so far removed from the old broad Cockney. He knows what is going on and he has what Dickens called 'the key of the street'.

He unlocks the requisite doors, reveals the inhabitants from simpering starlet in the making to the gangling youth on the prowl. Altogether he shines in the virtuosity of versatility. Since we began with the Greeks, we may end with them, the



'Amphitryon 38' on March 2, with Alec Clunes (left) as Jupiter, Patrick Barr as Amphitryon, and Googie Withers as Alkmene



Joan Miller as Miss Moffat and Henley Thomas as Morgan Evans in 'The Corn is Green' on March 1

Homeric Proteus having given his name to all masters of the quick change. Benny Hill is an ace of the Proteans.

IVOR BROWN

Sound Broadcasting

DRAMA

Whanged Words

LAST OCTOBER the Third Programme broadcast some truly weird and wonderful noises illustrative of a 'radiophonic poem' written by Frederick Bradnum, its 'first serious attempt to find out whether we can convey a new kind of emotional and intellectual experience by means of what we call radiophonic effects'. I thought it had possibilities, and said so. Last week the Third took the experiment a stage further. No doubt they will go on experimenting and they certainly should do so. But James Hanley's thirty-five-minute play 'A Winter Journey' ran up against a major snag. If I now concentrate on this I hope it will not be taken as merely destructive criticism. The B.B.C. has something here. They, and we, have still to make out just what it is, or rather how it can be used with full effect.

Radio Times listed 'A Winter Journey' as 'a play in word and sound'. The Times reviewer was led to suppose that 'they wish it to imply

that sound, as here used, is not something that merely contributes to the play's effectiveness, but an integral part of the texture of the play itself'. No doubt they do. But B.B.C. Publicity let out the vital point. 'This is the first application the B.B.C. has made of this technique to a dramatic production not specially written for the purpose' (*my italic*). They also quoted the author as enthusiastic about the results. There, all the same, is the explanation of the partial failure of John Gibson's powerful production. A play conceived in terms of one sort of effect was literally submerged in production effects of a radically different kind. To some extent, anyway, producer and playwright were treating the theme in opposite ways, with Rachel Thomas—admirably under control in the circumstances—apparently all on the author's side.

This, however, over-simplifies what may have been an error of judgement on the producer's part. Mr. Gibson appreciated that Mr. Hanley was out to contrast the charitable and courageous commonplaces of the lonely old woman with the almost insane intensity that minutiae may assume in such a solitary situation. The author himself had given the theme an eerie turn by introducing an inexplicable interlocutor, (Reginald Moore, in *Radio Times*, thought it 'a brilliant touch of Mr. Hanley's to provide her with a companion who is neither a guardian angel nor an "other self" but a mysterious combination of the two'. I thought he was too obviously only there because the author had to have a helping hand.)

Anyway, Mr. Gibson decided to make the nightmare audible, and then some. Sense-perceptions were stretched to screaming-point. Cars whizzed past the old woman as she crossed the road like intercontinental missiles under one's nose. Ghost voices of the absent husband and neglectful children emerged from a heaving ground-surge of pulsating sound. Wind never reached anything but gale force. We were to know what the old woman felt as well as what she said. But the understatement of the words and the overstatement of the sounds were on such different planes that no polarity resulted.

One reason, I suggest, is that imagination is not necessarily proportionate to sensation. An isolated listener in a silent room—this was an ideal radio subject—would have entered more deeply into the old woman's ordeal if required



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to make an effort to do so. Mr. Hanley had rightly left room for imaginative participation by the auditor. But with Mr. Gibson's impressive effects sawing away at the nerves we suffered passively like a patient in the hands of a skilful surgeon who does not believe in anaesthetics. A comparable loss in imaginative experience can be detected in colour films of Shakespeare. The bombardment of the eye with visual images of a super-realistic kind actually inhibits imaginative response to poetry spoken at the same time. A similar general problem for the ear seems to be involved in all-out radiophonic drama.

These effects may have to be used more sparingly in future, or for special sequences. But the more important thing 'A Winter Journey' suggests is that such effects can rarely be successfully superimposed on a script not scored for that purpose. This the Drama Department might have accepted already. Mr. Bradnum wrote of his experiment last year that 'the text of a radiophonic poem can, I think, be compared only to certain opera libretti—Wagner's for instance'. And one is inclined to add that poetic (though not necessarily metrical) the radiophonic script must be. Just as the sounds are not those to which the everyday ear is accustomed, so the words cannot be those of near-naturalism.

The two outstanding achievements of original radio drama in recent years, 'Under Milk Wood' and 'All That Fall', can too easily be used to discredit all other scripts that happen to be a little less than masterly. But Mr. Hanley fairly asked for it in starting with an old Welsh woman going a nightmare journey, courting critical comparison with both at once. Dylan Thomas and Samuel Beckett, in their contrasting ways, used the resources of poetry to present a fantasy, a vision, a transfiguration of everyday experience in speech and sound. Beckett, especially, integrated his imaginative lacunae with surrealist sounds, related and remote from everyday experience, chosen and transformed with a musician's magic.

There are and always will be few such writers available at any given time. To demand nothing but masterpieces is only a critic's way of making the best the enemy of the good. But the moral is, nevertheless, obvious. Some existing plays might be explored. Mr. Gibson, the B.B.C.'s O'Casey expert, might try 'Within the Gates' or the almost unproduced O'Neill 'Lazarus Laughed'. Selections from Dante, Milton, and Blake might respond to radiophonic treatment of a less total kind. Otherwise scripts for radiophonic drama will have to be specially written for the purpose; and written, I surmise, in a speech at any rate more stylised, and if possible more poetic in its exploitation of language, than 'A Winter Journey'. But this partial failure was far more interesting and important than the week's moderate successes in a more conventional kind, which is why I choose to write at length about it to the exclusion of all else.

ROY WALKER

THE SPOKEN WORD

Political Occasions

AFTER HEARING the Prime Minister interviewed recently on sound radio, I agree with my colleague Mr. Anthony Curtis that Mr. Macmillan's special qualities can be better appreciated if he is seen as well as heard. He sounded, on that occasion, almost too urbane; questions implying criticism were parried almost too deftly. Not that anyone would grudge the Prime Minister his brief prolongation of a deserved personal triumph: all too soon, after all, must the garlands fade and he return from the garden where everything is lovely to the wilderness where we all live. There has recently been much talk, and

some evidence, of a growing dissatisfaction among many people with the two main political parties; and it so happened that two broadcasts last week, both on Wednesday in the Home Service, drew attention, in their very different ways, to the irrelevance of the party line to the issues which now confront us all.

From Manchester came a recording of a recent meeting of the Fifty-One Society, when Mr. Bernard Levin was the guest speaker in a debate on 'The Party Machines—Enemies of Democracy?' In a series of brilliant and contemptuous swipes, Mr. Levin attacked the false and meaningless conformity, the cowardice which permeates our public life, the absurd ritual of the Whips, the votes which demonstrate only what is already known, that one party has more M.P.s than the other. But he was not only witty; he was also serious. He was not attacking mere procedure: indeed, he rejected a suggestion that sweeping changes should be made in the terms under which our governments are elected. He was attacking the spirit. As he said, we face today international problems of a nature and gravity unparalleled in history: problems which admit of only one sane solution. It is this—the fact that we all live in the shadow of the possibility of self-destruction—that is making many people disgusted with the way the party machines operate. The standard of debate in this programme was the highest I have heard on the air for a long time: yet nothing that was said by Mr. Levin's able opponents persuaded me that his own attack was anything but timely and true.

Earlier the same evening, an advertised programme was postponed so that we could hear recordings of a one-day conference recently held in the Statler Hotel, Washington. This was a conference of historic importance, a bold experiment by the American executives. Tired of having his foreign aid programme cut by Congress year after year, President Eisenhower invited 1,500 American citizens to attend, at their own expense, a meeting called to stress the vital importance of foreign aid to American security and prosperity. The speakers, beside the President, included Messrs. Dulles, Stevenson, Truman, and Acheson. The enlightened self-interest, the bipartisan moral fervour, the dramatic presentation, were typically American; and the forty minutes of extracts from the speeches were of outstanding interest.

Mr. Dulles, for years a voiceless bogey, suddenly became a real person: his evocation of the American past, of the ideals of the Constitution which was devised to offer the blessings of liberty to all, did not come over as mere pious evangelism: it had a powerful, if clumsy, sincerity. However misguided Mr. Dulles' policies may seem to some of us over here, I for one could not doubt, after hearing him speak, that he was not just a party politician but a man with a deep if rigid idealism which he could express in the true non-conformist tradition.

Mr. Truman allowed his experience to come through as well as his personality: his emphatic, twice repeated 'There must be a better way' remains in my memory. Danny Kaye told the audience about Unicef, making them laugh without ever striking a false note. And President Eisenhower summed up with an earnestness which, on this occasion, sounded far from feeble: he attacked the 'slogans, the prejudices, the penny-wise economies (millions for armaments, but never a cent for peace)', and sternly invited Congress and the nation to look at the world of today as it really is, and to realise the need to create what he called 'the neighbourhood of the world'.

These speeches contained their share of political clichés: but at least they were not party-bound. And the Americans, in their writing as well as in their public speaking, have

long had a tradition of a man talking to other men as his equals, not talking down to them as inferiors. Moreover, under their political system, as long as the executive has to fight battles with Congress, it can never just sit back on its majority and be smug. Finally, the American past is a real inspiration to American politicians in a way in which our past no longer seems real to our politicians. Whether or not the Washington conference has any effect on Congress, this broadcast must have enhanced respect for American political processes at a time when our own are coming under fire.

K. W. GRANSDEN

MUSIC

Violoncello Concertos

BRAMHMS' DOUBLE CONCERTO is an exceedingly difficult work to bring off successfully. It is chamber music conceived on a full orchestral scale and the nature of the lower of the two solo instruments is such that the orchestral accompaniment has to be toned down to allow it to be audible. This was a problem that worried Brahms, whose admiration and envy were aroused by Dvořák's successful solution of it in his Violoncello Concerto which was also in last week's programmes.

Brahms' work was played by Bronislav Gimpel and Zara Nelsova with a fine appreciation of the character and interrelationship of the two solo parts. The B.B.C. Orchestra conducted by Rudolf Schwarz supported them well in their solos in a truly chamber-musical style. In the opening movement, however, the conductor allowed the *tutti* the full weight of the symphonic orchestra, so that the music seemed to be moving on two different planes. True, Brahms marks these passages *forte*, but it is surely an indication that should be interpreted with more discretion, to maintain the proportions of the movement as a whole.

The performance of Dvořák's Concerto, in which Paul Tortelier was the soloist, was more completely successful. It is true that the soloist's playing was occasionally rough in the first movement, but it was also strong, while in the *Andante* his warm tone and lyrical phrasing did full justice to the lovely music. Dvořák was, like Suppé's Overture, Poet and Peasant, and the roughness may be excused as being quite in character with the latter aspect of the composer. The soloist and the orchestra, again under Schwarz' direction, achieved a nice equilibrium in those lengthy stretches of 'passage-work' for the soloist, which can sound so empty if they are allowed to stand out too prominently.

This concert contained also excellent performances of Wagner's 'Faust' Overture, which (if it does nothing else) proves how much Wagner needed the theatre and the human voice for the full realisation of his genius, Britten's early 'Sinfonia da Requiem', whose originality of conception is greater than its actual achievement, and Strauss' 'Till Eulenspiegel', which showed how magnificently the B.B.C. Orchestra can play. I thought the horn-theme at the beginning was made to sound too smooth, wonderful legato-playing though it was. Surely there should be more punch, more brazenness of tone in this first intimation of Till's character. Mention of the horn reminds me to pick up a stitch dropped last week, when I should have commended Poulenc's tribute to the late Dennis Brain, beautifully played by Neill Sanders with the composer.

A recital of Schubert given by Fischer-Dieskau and Gerald Moore at last year's Edinburgh Festival was revived for us in a recording made in the Usher Hall. It was an intelligently chosen programme, the groups of songs having some common idea (like the *Wanderlust* of the first five), and there is no more intelligent



the things they say!



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It certainly is. Chemicals are the third largest of Britain's exporting industries, and I.C.I. the biggest exporter among Britain's chemical companies.



interpreter of German *Lieder* singing today. Fischer-Dieskau was in fine voice and even if his *mezza-voce* sometimes sounds insufficiently supported to have quite enough edge to it and though he does not make sufficient gradations of dynamic between very loud and soft, this was one of the most enjoyable programmes we have had for a long time. Needless to say, Gerald Moore contributed enormously to that enjoyment. How perceptive he is of the finer points in the accompaniments, and how exactly and without any exaggeration he makes those points! Has any other pianist given such a stab (of anguish or delight?) to the sixth bar before the end of 'Du bist die Ruh'?

A commercial recording of Mozart's 'Die Entführung' was introduced by one of those programmes in which the creation of an opera is presented in semi-dramatic form. I don't greatly care for listening to some actor pretending to be Mozart and spouting pages of his letters. But if it is to be done, I suppose it cannot be better done than by Messrs. Hammelmann and Rose with Mr. Faulkner 'realising' the part of the composer. The danger is that the actor will, by little stresses and inflexions, falsify character. Mozart was undoubtedly shrewd and had an eye for the main chance—and how he needed it!—but was he quite such an unpleasant young man as was here portrayed?

The programme was adorned with excerpts from a recording of 'Die Entführung' directed by Sir Thomas Beecham, which rather took the shine out of the older recording presented complete on Thursday evening. Joseph Krips, who conducted it, is an excellent Mozartian and did nothing wrong. He had a first-rate cast of singers including Wilma Lipp, who was in fine form apart from some flatness in 'Traurigkeit ward mir zum Lose', and Endre Koreh, whose low notes were wonderfully pinguid. But Beecham on his day and in a work close to his heart has that 'something else the others have not got'.

DYNELEY HUSSEY

Martinů and his 'Comedy'

By ERIC BLOM

'Comedy on the Bridge' will be broadcast at 8.10 p.m. on Sunday, March 9, and 9.5 p.m. the following evening (both Third)

BOHUSLAV MARTINŮ is one of the three most prolific living composers, the other two being Milhaud and Villa-Lobos. It is no accident that their music is very uneven in quality. Extravagant fluency, only too apt to go with a want of self-criticism, calls for a deliberation that cannot well keep pace with unbridled facility. Villa-Lobos is perhaps the most incalculable, Milhaud the one most often offering important things among a mass of trivialities.

Martinů is rather more reliable, if only because he achieves a steadier evenness by keeping more constantly balanced midway between high and low. He has never made a striking impression, as Milhaud did with his 'Christophe Colomb' or Villa-Lobos with his 'Bachianas brasileiras', whatever may have been thought of them by this or that unprejudiced critic. But neither has he produced rubbish, so far as one may judge from the mere fraction of his catalogue with which it is possible to become acquainted; and among his faults, which include a certain superficiality and an artificial way of contriving effects, even the most unsympathetic judge could not pretend to find any lack of invention.

'Invention' is the word, rather than imagination. A truly imaginative artist is more spontaneous than Martinů, whose music at its worst can be laboured, not to say tortured. But, by calculation rather than inspiration, he is capable of setting down notions, one after the other, which constantly spring surprises and often draw little gasps of pleasure from the listener: too often, perhaps, as may be found in 'Comedy on the Bridge', where the ear is almost unceasingly led to expect certain familiar turns of phrase or cadential resolutions, only to find itself deceived in a way which, very pleasant at a first hearing, raises the suspicion that the music would not wear well on closer acquaintance. Martinů treats the ear like a spoilt child or a gourmet who is offered a new surprise every day and before long ceases to be surprised at anything.

A stage performance of 'Comedy on the Bridge' by students of the Royal College of Music in June 1956 delighted me, although I could not then tell what the plot was about—I am not sure that I can now—and the fact that I could not remember a single musical incident afterwards roused no suspicion in me. This means that listeners who come to this little one-act comic opera for the first time will undoubtedly enjoy the quick-witted music while it goes on and not care whether it is going to leave anything behind or not. Whether they will make more head or tail of the libretto than I can

remains for them to see. The plot, enacted on a bridge between two countries at war, with the characters detained by the sentries of either side, and the posing of a conundrum which in the end is found to have no answer at all, may be satire on the inconclusive futility of war, for all I can tell. Let us accept it as such and be as much amused or edified as we can.

It was only a day or two after the performance, when I made an effort at remembering what it was that had given me pleasure and failed, that I became uneasy; and now that I have studied the score for the purpose of producing this article, finding to my dismay that even on going through the music again my memory was left utterly blank, suspicion has turned into realisation of what is amiss—but amiss, I insist, only on subsequent reflection.

The plot calls for little in the way of extensive musical construction: the score proceeds by fits and starts for the most part, and this is dramatically appropriate, if only intermittently satisfying to those to whom music matters above all. Nevertheless, now and again the art of sustained composition takes charge, not so much, perhaps, because the action demands it as because the composer cannot all the time resist exercising his skill in that direction; and then we are in for a stretch of enjoyment that is predominantly musical. This happens where Josephine's plaint, 'Had I only stayed with mother', starts as an extended song and then turns into a duet with the Brewer, to a development of the same music. There is a simple diatonic tune in 6-8 time, very piquantly harmonised with highly spiced chromatic progressions which keep leading the ear up unexpected and delightful garden-paths. The piece is rather like a song written by Peter Warlock under the influence of Delius, or it might indeed be, with another tune, one of the 'Brigg Fair' variations Delius had forgotten to write.

Another sustained piece, though broken up by casual incidents at first, occurs at the entry of the Schoolmaster, where all the five singing characters have gathered on the stage. It is an animated movement in a light polka rhythm, not unlike the duet for Jenik and Kecal in the second act of 'The Bartered Bride'. It swings along with the same irresistibly comic effect, but is more highly inflected with accidentals than Smetana's piece. The influence is unmistakable, but it is not that of Smetana the nationalist, who is not particularly Czech in this duet; and certainly Martinů is not, here or anywhere else in 'Comedy on the Bridge', a consciously 'patriotic' composer. His work as a whole, in fact, is cosmopolitan, with a national note sometimes

coming in as part of his cosmopolitanism. Heritage will tell occasionally, but upbringing and environment have a stronger pull on him; and we must remember that he studied with Roussel in Paris, married a Frenchwoman, lived in the United States in 1940-45, and after a short period in Prague returned there to settle permanently.

A few facts about Martinů's early life seem called for here. He was born at the Czech village of Polička on December 8, 1890, in the belfry of the village church, where his father, a shoemaker by trade, had an additional employment and living-quarters as watchman in the days when fires were not detected, much less attended to, until a place was so well alight as to be seen blazing at any distance and no doubt usually burnt to the ground before the villagers who volunteered as firemen had been summoned by the alarm bell. Bohuslav was himself to be apprenticed to a tailor, but was irresistibly drawn to music. He managed to get musical employment in Prague and a musical education of sorts, but he was a rebellious student and wanted wider experience. Although he succeeded in going to Paris, he was harassed by poverty there for years, and his wife was no better off than himself. War created new difficulties, and the two escaped to America by a series of accidents rather than a deliberate plan.

I have mentioned five singing parts in 'Comedy on the Bridge', but there are other characters who speak. The two sentries are throughout reduced to short spoken exclamations which do much to disrupt musical continuity and, as always with dialogue superimposed upon music, make undivided listening difficult. Much of Martinů's splintered musical workmanship and hand-to-mouth invention is undoubtedly due to his working on two levels in this way. It is possible to see, however, what the idea is: the comedy, as a musical piece of work, is to be deliberately confined to the five characters who work out the plot among themselves with the bridge for a stage, while the others are reduced to a function not unlike that of the frame round a picture—part of the whole, but not part of its essentials.

Let it be said in conclusion that this one-act opera, which was published in 1951, is not an ambitious work. It is scored for a small orchestra, but so skilfully that it sounds much fuller than it appears on paper. In the same way much of the actual musical stuff, eclectic and scrappy as it is, yields more than it seems to promise. In short, while one finds much to criticise, one also finds much to enjoy without need of preliminary study, at a first hearing.

* I quote the words from the vocal score, but I understand that a new translation has been made for the broadcast. E. B.



PSYCHE-CUM-SOMA

by PODALIRIUS

Cupid, you will remember, deserted Psyche; and I occasionally wonder whether it was not so much because she asked awkward questions as because he discovered that she was one of a pair of Siamese twins. For though it was easy enough for Cupid to leave Psyche, Psyche, poor girl, can never leave Soma. Yet to their Siamese twinship—the twinship of mind and body—we are often, like Cupid, blind.

Of course, in one sense, we know quite well that our minds are constantly influencing our bodies. Suppose I ask you to think of a lemon. Unless you are unusually weak on imagination your mouth will water. But not because I have in fact handed you a lemon—merely because I roused a set of tart images in Psyche; and the response came, as automatically as if I had pressed a button, from Soma.

Psyche and Soma usually work harmoniously together; but if Psyche gets anxious or frustrated she can put poor Soma (who is no intellectual) into such a state that she produces all sorts of agitated responses—tightening muscles that need to be slack, narrowing tubes that ought to be wide open, producing colicky contractions where steady gentle waves are the proper thing. This soon gets the organs into bad habits; and an organ with a bad habit is liable to get out of order in other ways. Doctors have therefore come to speak of psychosomatic disorders, meaning bodily troubles which are partly caused or maintained by a troubled mind.

Can you see anything disgraceful in that? I can't. Yet when I ask a patient with what I take to be a psychosomatic disorder whether he has anything on his mind, he is apt to look intensely ashamed and say: "So you think it's all imagination?"

Of course I don't! I think that for some reason his Psyche is finding life a bit too difficult, and is taking it out on Soma. This is bad luck for him, because he has to put up with the disorder, whatever it is; but he has no call to feel ashamed about it. He might instead be moaning for sympathy, or snubbing his inferiors, or flying into tantrums with his wife. He might, in short, be taking it out on others instead of on himself. Plenty of people do; Hitler was perhaps the most outstanding example in our times—he took out his frustration on the whole world. How much better if he had a nice quiet psychosomatic disorder.

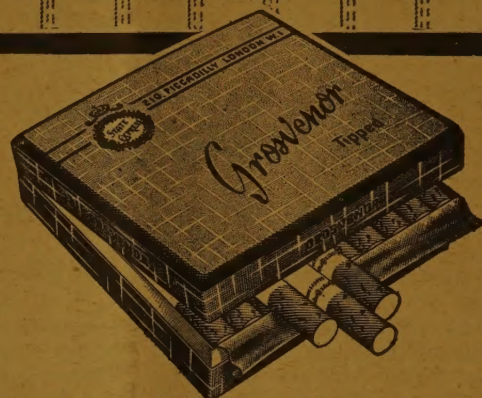
* * * *

It is not unusual, Podalirius, for Soma to find life a little difficult, too. Her well-being is of course primarily dependent on the food we eat, and that, unfortunately, is often deficient in its supply of essential food factors. This deficiency, however, can easily be made up by sprinkling Bemax on our food each day. For Bemax is wheat germ—the richest natural vitamin-protein-mineral supplement known to man.

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For the Housewife

How to Choose Meat

By R. H. DRURY

IN most cases the less expensive meat comes from the front part of the animal while, in general, the more expensive cuts come from the hindquarter. Shoulder or chuck steak or beef, for instance, is a good buy and is considerably cheaper than buttock steak. It can safely be used for stews as well as steak pies, puddings, or braising. Even more economical for the same sort of purposes are neck, shin, and leg of beef. These meats are just as nourishing although a little coarser in texture. Leg, shin, or neck are also suitable for mince.

Another economical joint of beef is brisket; this is obtainable either on the bone or de-boned and ready rolled and may be purchased either fresh or salt. Salt, or pickled as it is sometimes called, is ideal as boiled beef and can be most acceptably served either hot or cold. If it has not been salted it is best cooked by pot roasting or braising. For a tasty though economical beef joint at the weekend why not try a joint of top or back ribs? These can be roasted in the usual way, and although not of quite the same texture as sirloin or topside they are well worth trying. The more expensive cuts of meat, such as porterhouse, rump, and fillet steaks, are really the only ones suitable for frying and grilling. The whole art of shopping for meat is to know what each particular cut can be used for.

Lamb as a rule presents rather less difficulties to the housewife than beef. For the mid-week meal excellent value is often to be found in purchases of either scrag or middle-neck or of breast. All of these may be used for stews and hot pots, while the breast—providing it is from a young lamb—can also be stuffed and cooked in the oven. It is a delicious and most economical dish. For grilling or frying either chops or cutlets are required, and these are bound to be somewhat more expensive. A piece of best end of neck is possibly the best buy—it can be easily cut into cutlets before being cooked in the frying pan or under the grill. When buying a joint do not always ask for a leg, a shoulder is more succulent and is always cheaper.

Pork presents even less difficulty in that practically all the cuts are suitable for roasting. It need not be expensive. Try a shoulder or blade and spare rib, or, if you have a larger family, the hand. This is the piece with the knuckle on it. For a surprisingly cheap roasting joint try fresh streaky, but make sure that you get a thick one with a good layer of fat and lean mixed in. This can be cooked slowly in the oven and is then delicious. You can also buy this salted.

Quality selection is something that cannot be taught in a few words. It is largely a matter of experience. It is easy to say that beef, for

example, should be bright in appearance and nicely red in colour, that the fat should mix in with the lean in what is known as marbling, but it will take you a little time to get your eye accustomed to looking for them. The best way to do so is to find yourself a good butcher and to acquire the art gradually with his aid. Avoid meat that appears dull or faded, or the texture of which appears to be tight or close.

Both home-killed and imported meat can comprise what is good and what is not so good. All New Zealand lamb is good but the best is probably the genuine Canterbury article. With beef our best imported supplies come from the Argentine and are chilled, as opposed to frozen.

—'Woman's Hour'

Notes on Contributors

ROBIN MARRIS (page 392): lecturer in Economics and Politics, Cambridge University
ANDRE SIEGFRIED (page 397): member of the Académie Française since 1944, professeur à l'Institut d'Etude politique; author of *America at Mid-Century*, *Géographie Humoristique de Paris*, etc.
THURSTON DART (page 400): Lecturer in Music, Cambridge University

Crossword No. 1,449.

Alphabetical Cocktail—II.

By Sam

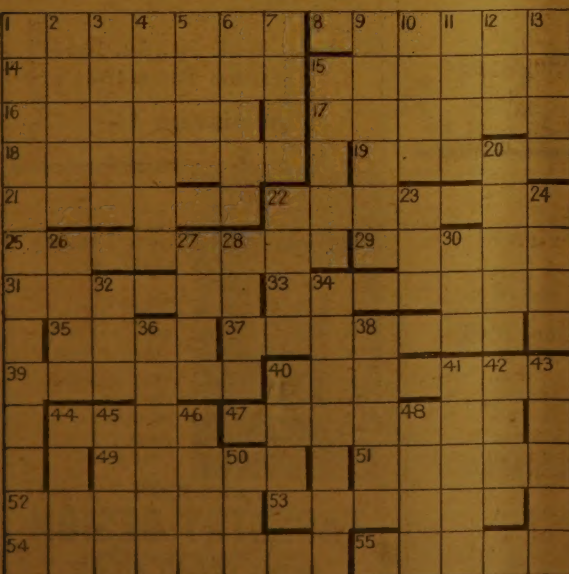
Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): book tokens, value 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

Closing date: first post on Thursday, March 13. Entries should be on the printed diagram and envelopes containing them should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked 'Crossword' in the left-hand top corner. In all matters connected with the crosswords the Editor's decision is final.

The twenty-six across lights all begin with a different letter. The answers to the across clues are anagrams of the lights without the initial letters. Down lights are normal. The unchecked letters can be arranged to read—GROUP VIEWERS IN THE SEATS.

CLUES—ACROSS

1. Playfully pluck a goitre (6)



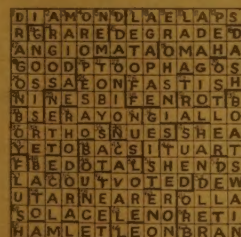
8. Choice variety of tufts (5)
14. Used to make clots a few years back (6)
15. When in need, an Egyptian genius gives us an edict (5)
16. Local assessment one penny! It's certainly under this (5)
17. Trap to take in spirits (5)
18. Judge the composition of a horse-chestnut (6)
19. Nicely constructed form of heater (4)
21. Clip quietly on the ear (5)
22. Rat in a trap, covered with bread crumbs (6)
25. Backward people of Malabar are sheltered by these Middle Easterners (7)
29. God and goddess together in a tantrum (4)
31. The note that expresses finality (5)
33. Sign a round-robin and this mugwump puts in an appearance (6)
35. This enclosure round the old meadow is mean (3)
37. Wilderness where trees are cut up after the beginning of December (6)
39. At high noon you will see secret form of field-work fortification (5)
40. The more ardent Scots show signs of agitation (6)
44. Fallow start of 46R. (3)
47. Entwine in fabric (6)
49. Meals that are a source of annoyance to the English (4)
51. There's a note in the coal-box for the church dignitary (4)
52. Standard direction to analyse a sentence (5)
53. Sounds like perception for an old tax (5)
54. It's simple to make Sparta a resort (7)
55. The superiority of evergreens (4)

DOWN

1. In Hertfordshire a common soldier throws awkwardly after a sprain (13)
2. A book by Zola; it's very fruity (5)
- 3R. Classifies species (5)
4. Annoyed, irritable and so on in your old environment (6)
- 5R. Deborah from Co. Kerry (4)
6. See below for two foreign articles (5)
7. Pool where you'll find me at the end of the summer (4)
9. A restful time to talk about 6 without hesitation (6)
10. Bracken to hang by the harp in the hall? (4)
11. Closely related to a Chinese light-weight (4)
12. Men make a covering from this sheep (3)
13. The existence of practically a whole County (all but ten) (4)
15. A stone hand-mill (5)

- 20R. Spenser's drowned; drat that fissure! (5)
22. Take a good look—the antelope has lost a wing (4)
23. Shred the flap of a garment (3)
24. 'Let knowledge — from more to more' (Tennyson) (4)
- 26R. Tools made from pulped albuminous paper (4)
27. Type of network found in Wimbledon's centre tennis court (4)
28. Robust metal (4)
30. The Scot loses his last pound and has to move on (3)
32. War god makes Ian see red (3)
34. Is nicer perhaps as peaceful theology (7)
- 36R. Hurries back to the South Seas (6)
38. Set of steps; pearly zealote is a bit short (5)
40. Wound up for an assault at the ball (4)
41. 'She is — than the rocks on which she sits' (Pater) (5)
42. River where golfers may carry 28 (4)
43. The Scots have two points in this league (5)
44. Island or mountain range (4)
45. A note from the expedition shows it to be a long way off (4)
- 46R. Faithful yet, according to the law, heartless (4)
48. A form of acie usually found in the hand (4)
- 50R. A bend in the road (3)

Solution of No. 1,447



NOTES

The twenty asterisked clues led to the names of the owners of twenty dogs, the names of which formed the lights:

1A. Newton—Diamond. 7A. Procris—Laelaps. 20. Orion—Ptoophagos. 36A. Lander—Giallo. 37. Geryon—Orthos. 65. Scott—Hamlet. 66. Tristran—Leon. 67. Fingal—Bran. 1D. Aubry—Dragon. 2D. Ulysses—Argos. 5. Scott—Maida. 16. Lamb—Dash. 21. Punch—Toby. 32. Byron—Boatswain. 33D. Rupert—Boy. 36D. Arnold—Geist. 44D. Pope—Bounce. 45. Arthur—Cavall. 46D. Roderick—Theron. 47. Browning (E.B.)—Flush.

Other clues Across. 17 anag. 24. S.O.S. 25. P-con-y. 26. F-a-st-ish. 31. Ort. 46. (S)tuart. 63. Noel.

Down: 11. Ad-a-Gl-o. 13. Know-sis. 22. (R)-onion. 38. anag. 39. Sat-ire. 50. Imp-lore. 60R. (C)-one.

1st prize: W. E. Baker (New Eltham); 2nd prize: O. H. Frazer (Brightstone); 3rd prize: J. R. Cross (Peterborough).

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